

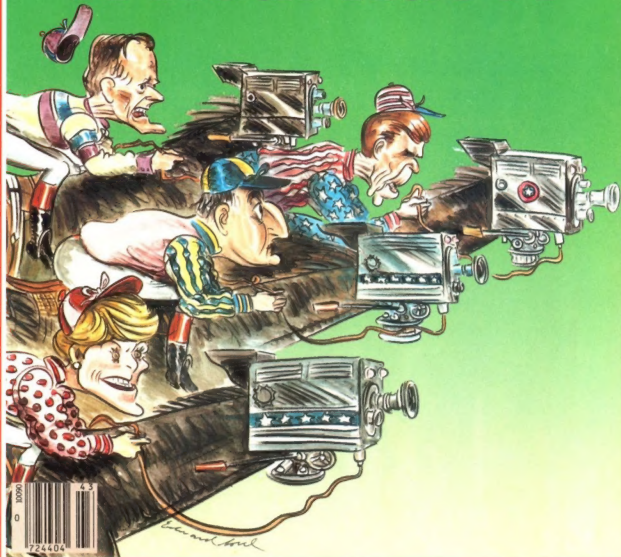
OCTOBER 22, 1984

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TIME

A Real Race?

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COVER: The debates change the chemistry of the presidential race

As soon as Walter Mondale outperforms Ronald Reagan, the Democratic campaign loses its hopeless air. George Bush is given a slight edge in the vice-presidential debate, but Geraldine Ferraro shows poise and familiarity with the issues. With only three weeks to go and Reagan still way in front, the Democrats are banking on Sunday's rematch. See NATION.

24



WORLD: Margaret Thatcher escapes an I.R.A. terrorist attack

Four people are killed and 34 hurt as a bomb shatters the hotel where Britain's Prime Minister and a number of Cabinet members are staying during their party's annual conference. The I.R.A. claims responsibility. ▶ With a bold offer, El Salvador's President Duarte reaches out to his guerrilla foes. ▶ Philippine investigators point a finger at the military in the murder of Benigno Aquino.

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BUSINESS: U.S. semiconductor makers are raking in the chips

Slumping sales and Japanese successes once raised fears that California's Silicon Valley might be going the same uncompetitive way as Pittsburgh and Detroit. Instead, American chip producers are turning in their best year ever. ▶ Seventy chief executives meet in Hot Springs, Va., and see sunny economic times ahead. ▶ Fugitive Trader Marc Rich pays the Government a record-breaking fine.

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71 Space

The first U.S. woman strolls in space, and the biggest shuttle crew ever skirts Hurricane Josephine to land in Florida.

72 Environment

Two conservation groups nearly flunk Interior Secretary William Clark at the end of his first year as Watt's successor.

82 Sport

A less-than-classic fall classic features mangled pitchouts, tangled outfielders and bungler heroes as the Tigers take off.

106 Art

In New York, the Metropolitan Museum offers the works of Vincent Van Gogh at Arles: a rhapsodic outpouring of energy and pathos.

84 Press

In selecting questioners for the debates, campaigners vetoed dozens of journalists. ▶ A libel case points up Soviet deception.

108 Living

Are miniskirts about to make a comeback? In their spring shows, Italian designers make a strong case for legs.

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90 Milestones
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97 Behavior

A top psychologist says biology, mainly brain development, strongly guides the child in the first few years of life.

99 Books

The correspondence of F.D.R. and Churchill enables readers to eavesdrop on history. ▶ Panama is the new Graham Greene-land.

Cover:
Illustration by
Edward Sorel



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It happens every 10 seconds. Somewhere in the world another plane lands, guided safely by our equipment.

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A Letter from the Publisher

None was more surprised than TIME Correspondent Jack E. White when he was tapped as a panelist for last week's debate between Vice-Presidential Candidates George Bush and Geraldine Ferraro. White was at his parents' home in Washington when he was informed by TIME's news desk that League of Women Voters President Dorothy Ridings was phoning to try to enlist him. White accepted the invitation with alacrity.

In a sense, he has spent the entire year preparing for the event. During the primaries, White helped cover all three of the major candidates for the Democratic nomination. He has contributed to five political cover stories since August 1983, including two on the campaign of the Rev. Jesse Jackson. Since the Democratic Convention, he has traveled with both Ferraro and Mondale and interviewed them for TIME.

Never having met Bush previously, White conferred with TIME colleagues who had covered the Vice President. They included Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian, White House Correspondent Douglas Brew and Los Angeles Correspondent Melissa Ludtke, who has been traveling with Bush since early September.

White met with his three fellow panelists before the debate. "We wanted to be sure that, given the rigid format, we would strike a balance," he says. "There was a need to cover as many subjects as possible, but we also hoped to dig deep, to get the de-



Panelist White in Philadelphia

baters to be specific or maybe to say something unpredictable. Because I have been covering racial affairs since 1967, I insisted on including questions on civil rights, particularly as the issue had not been raised in the presidential debate the week before. And of course the questions to the two candidates could not be identical; you couldn't ask Bush his reaction as a mother to the possibility of war in Central America."

White found the panelist's perspective to be a novel one. "I was surprised to find how different things looked to me than they did to the television audience. I was struck by Bush's apparent nervousness and by the seeming staginess of some of Ferraro's responses. But after it was over, I was told they did not come across that way at all on TV."

White is not the only TIME correspondent on television this month. On Oct. 24, William McWhirter, who was Caribbean bureau chief until his move to Bonn in July, will be the focus of a one-hour PBS documentary on the difficulties encountered by journalists who covered the U.S. invasion of Grenada one year ago. Says McWhirter: "The issue of the press's role was second only to that of the controversy surrounding the invasion itself."

John A. Meyer



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Dollop of Trollope, return of Rumpole

Victorian England. Strife-torn India. Varieties of love. The earth itself. And the return of the wily old barrister, Rumpole—lured from uneasy retirement. All these are coming your way from Mobil as "Masterpiece Theatre," "Mystery!" and *The Living Planet* debut on your home screen this Public Broadcasting Service season.

First, on "Mystery!" catch up with an old friend. Rumpole, delightfully played by Leo McKern, is back at the Old Bailey, and will be for six weekly episodes of high and low skulduggery on Thursday nights. Consult listings for time and channel.

As for "Masterpiece Theatre," this season marks its 14th anniversary, and that's a celebration calling for gold jewelry. You'll find the series' offerings nothing less than 24 karat.

The gold is literal—money for the poor—when the season begins October 28 with seven episodes of *The Barchester Chronicles*, Anthony Trollope's droll look at a country parson besieged by reformers, slippery egos, and church politics. Renowned British actor Donald Pleasence superbly handles the role of the Rev. Septimus Harding, the quaintly funny but ultimately decent focal point of tales set in the deceptive Victorian serenity of a small English cathedral town. Critics have called the series an "unmitigated delight."

Here's the rundown on the rest of the Mobil TV season:

December—India was described as "the jewel in Queen Victoria's crown" when the British Empire was at its most magnificent. Hence the title of the second offering on "Masterpiece Theatre"—*The Jewel in the Crown*, 14 episodes beginning December 16. Based on Paul Scott's novels collectively known as *The Raj Quartet*, this riveting drama spans the 1942-1947 war-and-independence period in India, where much of the series was filmed. More than a travelogue of princely temples and scenic delights, this is an epic tale of the collision of cultures. You'll also see that personal passions run just as high as the politics and patriotism. Raved one critic: "...the best sustained television I've seen in more than 30 years of watching..."

February—David Attenborough's *Life on Earth* captivated PBS audiences in 1982 and his latest offering, *The Living Planet: A Portrait of the Earth* gives us the earth itself—its habitats and inhabitants. Set aside 12 Sunday nights, starting February 3.

March—Look for "Masterpiece Theatre's" *All for Love*, beginning March 31. The series of five plays explores love in some of its many forms—a young girl's devotion to an aged invalid, a woman's desperate love for her imaginary son, a middle-aged spinster's romantic fantasy life, and more.

May—From one of this era's most noted writers, C. P. Snow, come seven "Masterpiece Theatre" episodes of *Strangers and Brothers*, starting May 5. This dramatization of novels by Snow encompasses the years 1927 to 1965—from the greens of Cambridge University to the grit of Parliamentary battles. It's the story of an educated "outsider" who earns the trappings of success without really winning his way into the British Establishment. Power and its uses are the theme.

Mark your calendar for these PBS gems, just the prescription to cure television blahs. Check local listings for time and channel.

Mobil

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Letters

Greeting Gromyko

To the Editors:

So now President Reagan wants to make nice with the Soviets and invites Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko to Washington [NATION, Oct. 1]. Reagan has finally come to realize that all the talk about "winnable" nuclear war and the holy war against godless Communism has only brought us closer to disaster. Like it or not, we share this planet with the Soviets. Either we live together or die together.

Wayne Karol
Huntington Station, N.Y.



Your article has led me to conclude that the Soviet Union is more concerned about preventing nuclear war than President Reagan is. When the U.S. started deploying nuclear weapons in Europe, the U.S.S.R. saw it as a clear sign that the President had no intention of seriously negotiating an arms-control treaty. Now, when Reagan is forced by the upcoming election to show that he is not a warmonger, the Soviets immediately send their top diplomat, Gromyko.

Mark A. Miedlar
DeKalb, Ill.

Gromyko probably appeared dour and unsmiling in New York because of the old Russian belief that important people should not smile in public.

Arthur Hawley
Seaford, Australia

Beirut Bombing

The latest attack against the U.S. embassy in Beirut [WORLD, Oct. 1] is another tragic example of terrorists attempting to alter our nation's foreign policy in the Middle East.

Seth Eisenberg
Bloomington, Ind.

The inept security around our Beirut embassy continues to amaze me. A child would know the solution. Dig a 6-ft. trench across the roadway. Add a draw-

Letters

bridge and keep it open. Any terrorist vehicle without wings would bury itself in the hole and self-destruct. A day's work should do it.

*John de Ruyter
New York City*

Loving America

I am falling in love with my country [NATION, Sept. 24]. President Reagan's positive attitude sets me aflame. This beautiful feeling makes anything possible.

*Rose Evanoff
Midland, Texas*

I love America too. But I loved it more in the '60s, when it had a social conscience and cared about the rest of the world. Those were the last days of true patriotism.

*Judy Stern
Minneapolis*

The new show of patriotism comes after decades of hearing other countries malign us. We have watched our citizens taken hostage in Iran and our servicemen blown up in Beirut. I do not care any more what "they" think. I love America.

*Judy Smeester
Aurora, Colo.*

Harry Britt says he has not found anyone who does not feel good about being an American right now. Well, he has not talked to me. I am ashamed of this country and what Ronald Reagan has done to the millions of poor people. I am ashamed of the violence shown toward children, women and animals. I am ashamed of the selfishness that characterizes our business and personal values. I am ashamed that not everyone in this country has equal rights although we have equal problems. Most of all, I am ashamed that the majority of Americans are so easily fooled by President Reagan.

*Lisa Payne
Louisville*

I have read a lot of mysteries, but you make Agatha Christie look like an amateur with your statement that "since the recession bottomed out in November 1982, disposable income has risen by \$1,500 a person." I and several of my fellow steelworkers would like to know where our \$1,500 is hidden. All I can figure is the butler took it, since he is probably as hard up as we are.

*Karen Johnson
Oklahoma City*

Americans show their real feelings about their country every four years, when barely half of them care enough to vote.

*Andy Corsini
Marseilles, France*

Though TIME was conscientious in not attributing America's buoyant mood directly to President Reagan, the story ends up pinning the good news on him

"I take my high blood pressure pills only when I'm nervous or upset."

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The National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute, National Institutes of Health,
Public Health Service, U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

Letters

anyway, just as it ties the downer years to Carter. Maybe it is inevitable that a Chief Executive is linked with the emotional weather during his watch.

Gerald Hough
Madrid

Burning Issue

The Burning Tree Club, an exclusive golf preserve, has been ordered to admit women or lose its \$186,000-a-year property-tax exemption [NATION, Sept. 24]. I am more concerned about why they have such a tax exemption than whether they admit women.

Sandy Olsen
Renton, Wash.

I wish someone would explain why women insist on corrupting male-only establishments. Can they not understand that 90% of the time men go to such places to get away from their wives? Prehistoric man dealt with women's liberation quite well with his club.

Rodney Mansfield
Chattanooga, Tenn.

House Hopesful

Your caricatures of Congressional Candidates Elise du Pont and Judy Petty [NATION, Oct. 1] were mislabeled. We in Arkansas know how our Judy Petty looks. You cannot fool us with du Pont's name under Petty's picture.

Martha Johnson
El Dorado, Ark.

Clergy-Penitent Privilege

I am outraged by the article "Confidence and the Clergy" [RELIGION, Oct. 1]. How can churchmen take it upon themselves to keep information confidential that might prevent a heinous crime? Would it not be more Christian of them to find help for these sick penitents?

Diane Solomon
Eads, Tenn.

Why should a criminal be allowed to transfer his guilt to a minister through confession? Relieved of this burden, the criminal is free to commit the crime again. The Bible supports the concept of law and order. It does not uphold the privilege to "confess and do it again."

Fred Bell
Houston

Surely the sanctity of privileged communication between confessor and penitent lies in the privilege itself, not in the nature of the sin being confessed. A legislature that can revoke the right as it applies to child abuse can also repeal it for prostitution, drug trafficking and hit-and-run automobile accidents.

Earl E. Elgabroadt
Gig Harbor, Wash.

Sons and Mothers

Thank you for your story on the mother-son relationship [BEHAVIOR, Oct. 1]. I am always amused that mother-in-law jokes focus on the wife's mother, when it is the husband's mother who is nearly always the source of tension.

Kit Brown
Bel Air, Md.

Your article on the mother-son relationship does a great disservice to fathers. The idea that a mother cares more about the children than does the father is based on clichés and false perceptions. Your anecdotes of doting mothers can be matched with stories of overprotective fathers.

Charles W. Fisher
Akron Fathers for Equal Justice
Kent, Ohio

Blacks in Film

Your story on black actors [CINEMA, Oct. 1] suggests that D.W. Griffith purposely avoided using blacks in *Birth of a Nation*. As evidence you cite the fact that the major Negro roles were all played by whites in blackface. The reason is that in 1915 there were no black actors in Hollywood experienced enough to play these parts. In the interest of realism, Griffith would have hired them if he could have found them.

Gene D. Phillips, S.J.
Loyola University
Chicago

Misbehaving Medalists

After all the furor over Vanessa Williams and the image she tarnished for young Americans, how do you dare print the photo of the men Olympic swimmers without their trunks [PEOPLE, Oct. 1]? It is typical of the double standard in our society. Boys will be boys, but girls had better be ladies.

Virginia A. Hughes
Bladell, N.Y.

Imagine the same revealing pose with Burt Reynolds surrounded by Mary Lou Retton, Mary Decker, Valerie Brisco-Hooks and Nancy Hoghead in the buff. Had it been the female U.S. Olympic winners rather than the male, they might have been asked to give up their gold medals.

Lori Scorsone
Pontiac, Mich.

Highs and Lows

From my research on manic-depression, which you covered in "The Ups and Downs of Creativity" [BEHAVIOR, Oct. 8], I have come to believe there are positive aspects to manic-depressive illness. But these effects should be put in the context of enormous human suffer-

ing. Suicide, cocaine abuse and alcoholism are exceedingly high among those afflicted with this sickness. And as far as the manic-depressive artist is concerned, I do not advocate that artists should avoid professional help. On the contrary, they have been undertreated for their mood disorders, and many could profit from the sophisticated use of lithium and psychotherapy.

Kay R. Jamison, Associate Professor
UCLA Department of Psychiatry
Los Angeles

Learning with Lisa

My children have attended six of the institutions mentioned in *Lisa Birnbach's College Book* [EDUCATION, Oct. 1]. They found her guide accurate, even to such details as the University of Kansas Tan Man who suns himself on campus summer and winter. There are a few exceptions. Birnbach has miraculously moved the University of Notre Dame from South Bend to Fort Wayne.

Jane M. Koyzis
Wheaton, Ill.

Standard college catalogs help students decide where they will be successful. Birnbach's uninhibited, perceptive guide helps them decide where they will be successful and happy.

Kathy Hodges
New York City

So Birnbach thinks that many Purdue students "drink, and drink heavily." Well, please tell her that we Boilermakers do not care about the opinions of anyone who wears an Indiana University sweatshirt.

Hao-Nhien Vu
Lafayette, Ind.

Red or Dead

Reader Louis Mihaly [LETTERS, Oct. 1] suggests that the Afghan freedom fighters should give in to the Soviets and live under their rule. Submitting to injustice and aggression in order to preserve life has been tried before and has resulted in death and misery for millions. The more people are willing to yield to injustice and aggression the more likely we are to have injustice and aggression.

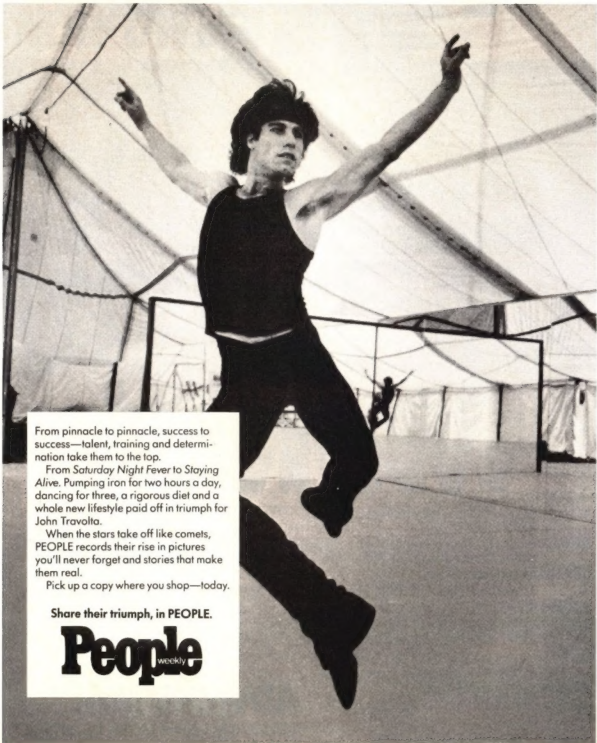
Gordon George
Wellington, New Zealand

Professor Mihaly should recall what has happened to the previous rulers of Communist Afghanistan, who enjoyed for a brief time the "privilege" of being "Red" and are now very dead.

Joseph J. Vukelich
Granada Hills, Calif.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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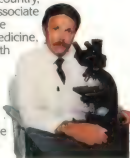
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Dr. Raymond W. Ryan,
 Univ. of Connecticut
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SENSING TROUBLE BEFORE IT BECOMES TROUBLE

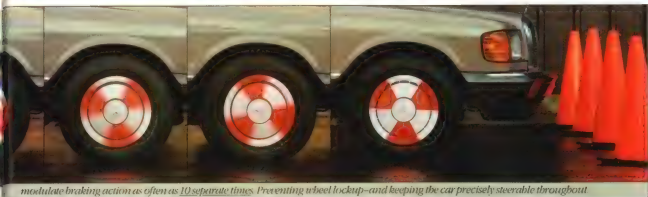
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modulate braking action as often as 10 separate times. Preventing wheel lockup—and keeping the car precisely steerable throughout

have already detected the onset of wheel slip and alerted the computer. And the computer starts regulating fluid pressure in the brake lines. Modulating and cadencing brake pressure, via solenoid valves in the brake lines, as often as *ten times* per second. Countering lockup of all four wheels or any individual wheel.

And thereby allowing the car to be swiftly and smoothly decelerated. Allowing the car to be

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Mercedes-Benz began development work on the principle of the anti-lock braking system as far back as 1959, first fitted a working system to a production automobile in 1978, and has since seen 250,000 of its cars roll up

over six billion miles of experience with the system worldwide.


Once again following where Mercedes-Benz has shown the way, some domestic and foreign makers will shortly introduce similar anti-lock braking systems to America. They can emulate the idea. They cannot emulate this depth of experience.

More than 50 percent of the logic circuitry programmed into that on-board computer is safety circuitry: the entire system is designed to be electronically self-checking, constantly monitoring itself and primed to shut down instantly should a malfunction ever be indicated. The car's separate four-wheel disc brake system would, of course, remain fully operational.

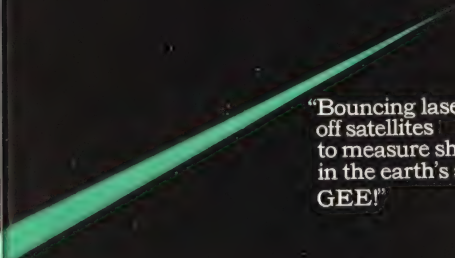
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Logger's Run by Chuck Kuhn

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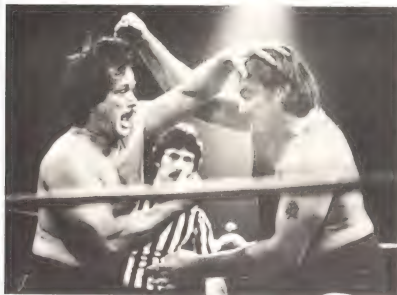
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In Texas: Wrestling with Good and Evil



Casey, left, massages Howard's locks, while Howard tries to return the favor

The vast expanse of rolling scrub and farmland is still and dark. Dawn, when it comes, tinges the land red before a hot, white sun climbs in the sky, turning the dew to vapor that rises from the surface of the plain. This heartland, thousands of square miles, is central Texas. Bonnie and Clyde rampaged through the territory. Sam Bass, the outlaw, was gunned down in Round Rock, not far from the Santa Fe railroad. Today, Interstate 35 passes small and medium-size towns, ranches and farms. Huge trucks rumble into dusty, chalk-white depots to load crushed rock from local quarries. At intervals, as the road stretches across the land, a red, white and blue Lone-Star State flag flutters above a solitary dwelling.

When day breaks, church bells ring in Temple, Texas, founded in 1881 astride the rail line south of Wood and not far from modern-day Fort Hood, the largest military base in the free world. Temple's churches fill on Sunday, and as the white sun climbs higher, hymns are sung and sermons spoken. Down at the Frank W. Mayborn Civic and Convention Center, parishioners of Temple Bible Church finish their prayers and stream out into the noonday heat, and the bright light that bears down on the town, bleaching its low buildings against the prairie.

As the churchgoers file out, another kind of Sunday crowd lines up at the Civic Center ticket window. Men stand together quietly in their rough leather boots and clean work clothes; women, teen-agers and small children talk excitedly. A sign out front announces: LIVE WRESTLING.

Back in 1979, Temple's high school Wildcats clinched the state football title under Bob McQueen, the coach and town hero. The people of Temple do a lot of hunting in season, shooting doves with shotguns and deer with rifles. But for year-round entertainment, nothing in town beats professional wrestling.

Inside the Civic Center people are taking their places, even though wrestling won't begin until 2 o'clock. Loretta Lynn's soft voice drifts from loudspeakers embedded in the ceiling above a concrete floor set with row after row of red plastic chairs. In the middle of the arena is a blue canvas ring lit with bright, hot, white lights. In a corner stand armed security men. "Our job



Youngsters take their cheering seriously

is to protect the wrestlers from the people," says a Temple guard. Finally a gong rings, and an announcer climbs through the ropes and into the ring.

Joe Blanchard, bail bondsman, former wrestler and promoter of the bouts, explains, "In wrestling, you've got to have good guys and bad guys." Blanchard has run matches around the state for more than 20 years. "We're selling entertainment and excitement," he says, gesticulating with large, powerful hands. In fact, wrestling's heroes and villains are the same as those in the real world, ebbing and flowing with the tide of world events. "We've seen Iranians after the hostage crisis, Russians, Germans and Mexicans with headresses," says Blanchard. He mentions current Texas favorites: "Tully the Kid," "Wahoo" McDaniel, "Abdullah the Butcher," a gallery of rogues conjured from professional wrestling's fevered imagination. A fusion of morality play and Greek comedy, wrestling fires extreme emotions, building to the catharsis of victory of good over evil, of hero over villain.

Blanchard knows his business and his wrestlers. He says that wrestlers do well by developing strong ring personalities and by engaging in lengthy and hateful grudge matches that stir fan loyalties. Such disputes often begin on Blanchard's Monday wrestling television show and spill over into the arena, where more insults and slurs lead to head stomps and chair bashing. Not long ago, one of Blanchard's matches climaxed with a combatant dumping a large bucket of manure on his opponent's head.

The heaviest men now climbing into the ring are veterans. Bill Howard, in his 40s, from Milwaukee, is portly, tough and tanned, in maroon robes tied with a golden cord. He shows his anger with a slow, bull-like shaking of the head as he encounters "Cowboy" Scott Casey, in his late 30s, a hulking former hairdresser from Amarillo, wearing a white hat and boots stamped with red patches in the shape of the state of Texas.

The crowd loves Casey. They hate Howard. Howard is grimacing, hurling guttural insults at Casey, who pursues him with burly, outstretched arms. The bout has a plot as clear as that of any play. As the referee turns his back, Howard slyly removes a shining metal strip from his mouth. The crowd understands that Howard is about to gouge Casey with the metal now concealed in his hand. The crowd is on its feet, shouting to warn the referee, who takes no notice.

Then Howard grabs Casey by the head, holds him down and strikes him again and again above the eyes. The action looks faked, but no one seems to

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American Scene

mind. Casey is down, in seeming agony, twisting his body like an animal buckling in a slaughterhouse pen. As his pain subsides, Casey gets up, his face filled with righteous anger. The crowd calls for retribution, for redress of grievances and victory for Casey. Suddenly Casey pins Howard. "Casey nailed that cheating bastard," avers a man in the front row. Justice is done.

Several rows back sits Elbert Seiter, 48. Seiter is a foreman for a trucking company. His face is deeply lined, an ironed shirt gleams white against sun-beaten skin. "I worked construction all my life, and it's rough," says Seiter. "This is a rough sport, and I like it." Karen Stoffel, a secretary with a finance company, is there too. She has come with her husband Gary, a trackman for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, and their daughter Courtney, 6. A heavyset woman with round, cheerful cheeks, Mrs. Stoffel says, "Wrestling is a release from day after day of working. You come here and yell and scream and yell and scream and then go home. My daughter loves it." Little Courtney, in a red and white sailor suit, hides her face in her mother's lap.

Back in the dressing room, wrestlers are having a smoke and taping their limbs in preparation for bouts to come. Some smear on baby oil to avoid abrasion from the ropes and canvas ring. "Bruiser" Frank Brody, mid-30s, preparing to wrestle, unclasp his black hair from a ponytail, douses it under a tap and lets it hang limp and long about his huge shoulders. "I might work ten or 15 days in a row," he says softly. "I try to save money, live quiet and plan for retirement," he adds. Well-known wrestlers like Brody earn anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000 traveling around the U.S. and to Japan—extending their professional lives into late middle-age—but for hundreds of lesser known wrestlers, the work can be unrewarding. Earning little, they spend long hours in body building, cultivating images they hope will propel them toward stardom. Often their careers never get off the ground, and they end up as bouncers and floorwalkers in Las Vegas and other resorts. Still, they keep wrestling, and the spectacle remains popular. Declares Cowboy Casey: "You've got grown men over 250 lbs. engaging in the world's oldest sport. We're gladiators," he suggests. "People love to watch violence because it's just like real life."

Out in the ring, the bouts are drawing to a close. The final match has dissolved into pandemonium as two sets of burly wrestlers pound one another with knee drops, punches and head bashes. The crowd becomes a mob, chanting in unison, waving American flags, demanding more. Suddenly a gong rings. As the hot, white lights above the ring switch off, fans stream outside into blinding sunshine. Inside, the wrestlers pack up and leave for the night matches in Austin. —By Adam Zagorin

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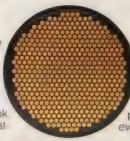
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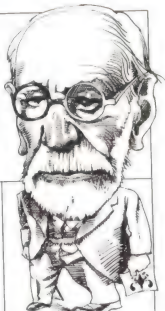


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COVER STORIES

Getting a Second Look

The debate gives Mondale a boost—but not a bonanza

CAMPAIGN



The shift in momentum began to be felt almost as soon as the cameras blinked off on the first debate. In Manhattan on the morning after, Walter Mondale exuberantly flashed a double thumbs-up signal countless times to a crowd of tens of thousands that cheered as he led the Columbus Day parade up Fifth Avenue. In Cincinnati the next day, he swung a baseball bat after Ohio Governor Richard Celeste introduced him to another enthusiastic crowd as "the Louisville

Slugger," a term the most zealous Democrat would not have dreamed of using before the debate in that Kentucky city. In Columbus later in the week, Mondale broke into a litany of sentences addressed to the President that began "You may think . . ."; after each the crowd, picking up a line from the debate, joined him in shouting "It just ain't so!" As at many Mondale rallies in September, a group of hecklers began a pro-Reagan chant. But this time the hecklers had trouble making themselves heard above a spontaneous (and obscene) counterchant set up by Mondale supporters.

"It's like a huge switch was thrown," exulted Mondale in an interview with *TIME*. "Enormous crowds, but not just that; the nature of the crowds too. Every time you shake hands, it's like a pile-up on the goal line. Several hundred people trying to get to you. I've never experienced anything like that."

While Mondale glowed, on the attack at last, Ronald Reagan grumped, on the defensive for the first time in the campaign. The loser in Louisville by common consent, the President seemed off stride early in the week; he meandered through speeches in Charlotte, N.C., and Balti-

Thrown off stride: the President speaking at a rally in Charlotte, N.C., the day after the first television debate with his challenger



PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD

more, drawing only polite applause from friendly audiences. But by midweek he had regained his form. He began to counterpunch, denouncing by name an adversary he had loftily ignored in most of his appearances before the debate. "My opponent in this campaign has made a career out of weakening America's armed forces!" cried Reagan at the Ukrainian Cultural Center in Warren, Mich. Edward Rollins, director of the Reagan campaign, left no doubt that Reagan would voice this new tough line until the vote. Said Rollins: "The debate made Mondale a credible candidate. He took some of his negatives down. We have to put some negatives back on him."

The President seemed especially nettled by widespread speculation that his hesitation and fumbling in the debate meant he was feeling, and showing, all of his 73 years. On the White House lawn, Reagan remarked to reporters that "if I had as much makeup on as he [Mondale] did, I'd have looked younger too"—a surprisingly catty comment from a President who before had always joked about his age. (Reagan does not use makeup for his television appearances. Nor, he claimed

last week, did he ever wear any "when I was in pictures." An old Hollywood makeup artist promptly surfaced to say that he had slapped some makeup on Reagan before an episode of *Wagon Train*.)

Meanwhile, the President's men broke into public recriminations about the debate preparations as they searched for explanations of what went wrong. Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, general chairman of the Reagan campaign, charged that Reagan had been badly served by White House aides who had plied him with facts and figures and given him too little time to relax. Said Laxalt: "He was brutalized by a briefing process that didn't make any sense."

So the debate changed the tone and atmosphere of the campaign. Did it change the odds on who would win the election? Not much. Not yet. The same polls in which respondents judged Mondale to be the winner of the Louisville confrontation disclosed a rise of only four to five points in the percentage of people who actually intend to vote for him, a

shift within the margin of error of most of the polls. Those gains left Mondale trailing Reagan by 15 to 22 points in the national surveys. Interestingly, the President's private polls put the gap at 14 points, down four points in the first four days after the debate, partly because Reagan Pollster Richard Wirthlin cautiously includes more women, blacks and Hispanics in his samples than some other pulse takers do. But even that number poses an enormous handicap for Mondale to overcome in the three weeks remaining before Election Day, and Wirthlin's polls showed little movement after midweek.

But numbers can change, and fast. One indication: in a *New York Times*/CBS News poll of 329 voters taken immediately after the debate on Sunday night, 43% thought Mondale had won, while 34% judged Reagan the victor. But after two days of press and TV post-mortems and innumerable private discussions of the outcome among voters, 515 people responding to a *Times*/CBS poll on Tuesday awarded Mondale the victory by an overpowering 66% to 17%. This seemed to be a political application of what in physics is known as the Heisenberg uncertainty

Celebrating a surge: Mondale in New York's Sheraton Center saluting admirers whose view of his performance is obvious from sign



Nation

principle: the very act of measuring a phenomenon changes the phenomenon being measured in such a way as to make future readings unpredictable.

At the least, Mondale's articulate, forceful performance and Reagan's hesitant one seem to be prompting a second look at both contenders by voters who had decided to tune out the campaign as a boring exercise leading to a foregone conclusion. The Democratic challenger buried his "wimp" image in Louisville. Even poll respondents who do not intend to vote for him are giving him higher ratings on leadership ability. And some doubts are appearing among Reagan supporters who have not yet changed their alle-

right and Reagan does a lot wrong for the rest of the campaign. More realistically, Mondale has an opportunity to keep shaving Reagan's margin, thus making the race interesting enough to draw a large turnout, keep the final result respectably close and influence congressional and state races. Even that would be a feat of no small importance.

Before the debate, Republicans had been speculating euphorically, and Democrats apprehensively, about an epic Reagan landslide that would bury not only Mondale but many Democratic congressional, state and local candidates across the country and perhaps put the Republicans in a position to become the nation's

me and to everyone else on the Democratic ticket."

Even if Mondale winds up losing after all? Yes, says Matthew Flynn, Democratic Party chairman in Wisconsin, where the party is struggling to maintain its shaky hold on the state legislature. "If Mondale picks up even five points, we could hang on to those seats," says Flynn. "If he gets blown out, there's no way we can hold on. So it's terribly important to us how he does relatively as well as absolutely." All this recalculation, however, assumes a reversal of the candidates' histories: Mondale repeatedly failed to sustain momentum during last spring's primary campaign, while Reagan recovered

TOP PHOTO: © 1984 UNIVERSAL PICTURE SOCIETY



gance. Mondale has no doubt about the reason for the reassessment. Says he: "If I were the person I'd read about in the paper [before the debate], I wouldn't vote for me. Suddenly they saw me; the contrast between what I'd been described as being and what they saw was very helpful.... Because of that, people are listening to me on the issues."

Perhaps, but the only solid movement detectable so far is the beginning of a trend both candidates had long been expecting: a drift by disaffected Democrats back to their party's nominee. "They wanted to know their tiger was in the game," says one Democratic planner. A Reagan strategist agrees that the debate "will accelerate the return-of-the-native phenomenon" but quickly adds: "That won't overcome a lead of 15 to 20 points."

At most, then, Mondale has a second chance. He could conceivably win the presidency, but only conceivably, and then only if he does everything

majority party. Talk of such a "realigning election" stopped abruptly on the morning after the showdown in Louisville, and Democratic candidates took new heart.

In Massachusetts, for example, Mondale has pulled into a virtual tie in the polls with Reagan. As a result, supporters of Democrat John Kerry are far more confident that he can defeat Republican Raymond Shamie for a U.S. Senate seat. "We have been running 14 points ahead of Mondale," explains one Kerry strategist, and that now looks like a sufficient margin. In Illinois, Congressman Paul Simon scents a gain for his bid to defeat Republican Senator Charles Percy. Says Simon: "Until the debate, whenever I called ward committeemen, I'd hear all sorts of moaning about Mondale's being a dead weight, that the party couldn't do anything with him. There has been none of that since Louisville. The debate has created a totally new attitude that is clearly helpful to Mondale and to

convincingly from early setbacks in both 1976 and 1980.

Reagan's efforts to do so again were boosted, then apparently set back, by Vice President George Bush last week. In a televised debate in Philadelphia Thursday night with Mondale's running mate, Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro, Bush presented the Administration's case more ably than Reagan had four nights earlier. Indeed, though Ferraro also argued impressively, most analysts gave Bush a slight edge (see following story). But the next day, Bush squandered some of the benefits with one of the silliest blunders of the campaign. After a rally in Elizabeth, N.J., on Friday, a television boom mike caught him whispering to a longshoreman that "we tried to kick a little ass last night." Realizing that the mike was on, the Vice President then exclaimed, "Whoops! Oh, God, he heard me! Turn that thing off."

At a press conference in Birmingham later in the day, Bush proceeded to dig

himself in deeper. Asked to confirm the wording of his remark, he replied, "I didn't use 'a little'" (the tape established that he had, though). He agreed that he had used "an old Texas football expression" and added, "I stand behind it." He would not apologize to Ferraro, he said, because the remark was not aimed at her. "It was a way of assessing victory. She would understand this. She's a good competitor." Ferraro's comment: "I would not address my opponent in the same way."

No matter how many Republican hearts Bush's debate performance may gladden, or how many Republican faces Bush's gaffe may redden, campaigns rarely if ever turn on the performances of running mates. The chief effect of the Democratic surge last week has been to set up the second and final Reagan-Mondale debate, scheduled for Sunday night in Kansas City, as perhaps the decisive event of the campaign. A strong performance by Reagan could silence the whispers about his age and competence and squelch any swing to Mondale well before it reaches the danger point. But a second Mondale victory could convert what is still only an incipient erosion of the President's big lead into mass defections. The subject, defense and foreign policy, holds some dangers for the White House. The first debate centered on domestic affairs and the economy, where Reagan could claim credit for some solid accomplishments: rising incomes and low inflation. The President has less to boast about in foreign affairs, and some serious public worries to overcome, notably about the nuclear arms race.

Mondale's preparations for the showdown will differ little from the way he got ready for the first debate. Once again he will go through a series of mock debates with Michael Sovern, president of Columbia University, playing the part of Reagan. He will then study the tapes to isolate the words, tones and gestures that seem most effective. On substance he plans to press Reagan hard on a variety of issues: responsibility for American deaths in terrorist bombings in Lebanon, allegedly excessive reliance on force rather than diplomacy in Central America, neglect of human rights.

Most of all, Mondale will hit at the dangers of the nuclear arms race and the Administration's inability to engage the Soviet Union in any sustained arms-control negotiations. Some Democratic strategists predict that Mondale will try subtly, or perhaps not so subtly, to suggest that Reagan is too detached and insensitive to the details of policy to deal capably with the issue. "Think of the red phone," says one Democrat, harking back to an ad that Mondale used effectively in the primary campaign against Gary Hart. "Think of an arms-control debate in the context of the age and competence issues." Such an approach, if Mondale should actually try it, would be extremely risky, since it could easily slip into the kind of personal attack on a popular President that Mondale successfully avoided in the Louisville debate.



Reagan Campaign Chairman Laxalt

"He was brutalized by a briefing process that didn't make sense."

Reagan's preparations will be quite different from last time, or so everybody in the White House vows—including Nancy Reagan. A White House official described the First Lady as "unhappy" with the way aides had rehearsed her husband for Louisville. This time the President will hold fewer and shorter mock debates with Office of Management and Budget Director David Stockman, who plays Mondale, and carry a thinner briefing book less crammed with facts. He will concentrate instead on articulating broad themes, at which he is usually a master. On Sunday he is likely to claim that he has rebuilt American military strength, increased respect for the U.S. abroad and prevented Communists from winning control of an inch of new territory during his Administration.

Reagan Campaign Director Rollins

"The debate made Mondale credible. We have to put negatives back."



Why did the President so conspicuously fail to follow this thematic approach in the first debate? "We overscheduled him with preparations," confesses White House Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver. "We gave him no time to sit and think about what he wanted to say in his own words. We crammed the computer with material." Reagan's advisers are still arguing over who is to blame for this overcoaching. One Reagan associate points a finger at White House Aide and Chief Debate Coach Richard Darman. Says this adviser: "The whole attitude of Darman was to make sure that the President didn't screw up." Other aides insist that nearly everyone involved was equally at fault for putting too much stress on avoiding factual gaffes, and for that matter, the President was overly eager to rebut Mondale point by point and prove himself master of detail.

Reagan had looked off form in some of the mock debates, but neither the President nor his aides had thought much about that. "It was just overconfidence on everyone's part," says one adviser. In particular, when Reagan resurrected his famous line from the 1980 debate with Jimmy Carter. "There you go again," nobody had thought to warn him that Mondale might be waiting for it. The Democratic challenger, in fact, had reviewed the tape of the 1980 debate, noted the point at which the line occurred and rehearsed an answer to give if Reagan should try it again. But, says Mondale, "I didn't think he'd use it. I don't know why he did."

Reagan did, and Mondale, turning directly to face the President, asked, "Remember the last time you said that?" Reagan nodded his head and muttered "Um-hmmm." Mondale: "You said it when President Carter said that you were going to cut Medicare... And what did you do right after the election? You went out and tried to cut \$20 billion out of Medicare." (Actually, Reagan's proposal was not made until 1983; it would have involved higher premiums for Medicare patients and benefit reductions totaling \$19.4 billion over five years.) For his closing statement, Reagan had prepared a thematic mini-speech on the improvement in the economy during his term, but on-camera he tried to blend it with a rebuttal of points Mondale had made earlier. The result was a meandering jumble filled with figures seemingly unrelated to one another.

By the next morning, in fact, the President's performance had broken the longstanding though unofficial taboo against press and TV discussion of his age. Columns and air waves filled with speculation about whether age had anything to do with Reagan's poor performance. Mondale vowed to stay out of that argument, but other Democrats were less cautious. Demanded New York Mayor Ed Koch: "Do you want his shaky finger near the button?" Reagan did not look or sound that different in the debate than in some press conferences, or indeed than in 1980.

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Though Reagan made his share of dubious assertions and used some questionable statistics in the debate, so did Mondale. Indeed, it was the Democrat who had to explain later that at one point he had said the exact opposite of what he meant. He spoke of eventual "total repeal" of tax indexing, when he intended to advocate eventually making indexation universal. Indexing is a method of adjusting tax brackets to prevent inflation from raising an individual's tax bill, and under present, Reagan-inspired law, it goes into effect next year. Mondale has proposed to restrict its use temporarily in order to increase tax collections and shrink deficits. Mondale's error did not hurt him, at least not during the debate.

Reagan inexplicably let it go by without comment, although later last week he quoted it verbatim, implying that it had been a kind of Freudian slip revealing Mondale's true intentions.

By then, Mondale was hammering hard at other themes he had raised during the debate. Reagan in Louisville pledged never to cut Social Security benefits of "the people that are now getting them"; his opponent immediately asked, in effect, "What about those retiring in the future?" The White House on Tuesday rushed out an expanded pledge never to cut benefits for anybody. It was the first time the President had felt obliged to reply so specifically to a Mondale barb.

Mondale promptly challenged Rea-

gan to take the same pledge on Medicare. The President in Louisville had observed, correctly, that Medicare costs are rising drastically. He might have added, but did not, that Mondale in his September deficit-reduction package proposed putting a ceiling on federal Medicare reimbursements to states. Essentially, Mondale is using Social Security and Medicare as the emotional cutting edge of a more general, and more legitimate, assault against Reagan on the "fairness issue"; the complaint that Reagan's approach to reducing federal spending unduly hurts the poor.

Another target that Mondale banged away at during the debate, and is likely to hit repeatedly during the campaign's closing weeks, is the Rev. Jerry Falwell, leader of the Moral Majority. Insisting that abortion must be "a personal and private moral judgment" made by the woman involved, Mondale asked, "Does every woman in America have to present herself before some judge picked by Jerry Falwell to clear her personal judgment?" The question hyperbolically assumed not only that some language in the Republican platform about the selection of federal judges requires that they be antiabortion (the platform says, "We reaffirm our support for the appointment of judges at all levels of the judiciary who respect traditional family values and the sanctity of innocent human life"), but also that Reagan in a second term would appoint no judges to whom Falwell might object. Mondale was seeking to capitalize on what polls have shown to be a widespread fear that Falwell, an outspoken admirer of Reagan, will seek to impose his Fundamentalist values on abortion, school prayer and other issues on Americans who do not share those values.

Reagan by week's end was well into a vehement counterattack, focusing on a subject he failed to hit as hard as might have been expected during the debate: Mondale's advocacy of tax boosts in order to reduce deficits. Whistle-stopping through Ohio on Friday aboard a Pullman car once used by Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman, Reagan at every stop lambasted his challenger's plans as a "mortgage on your future to pay for his campaign promises." Said the President in Dayton: "As he puts more heavy taxes on the people and their businesses, the economy will slow down and slow down. And after that kills the recovery, he'll want to raise your taxes again and again to make up for it."

So the debate, whatever its ultimate effect, has turned a once dull and predictable campaign into a lively, if not always enlightening, scrap. Close too? Not yet. But at least through this Sunday, millions of Americans who had been losing interest seem likely to stay tuned in.

—By George J. Church, Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Laurence L. Barrett with the President, with other bureaus

Mondale's Whipping Boy

"Ronald Reagan and Rev. Jerry Falwell cordially invite you to their party on Nov. 6," the television ad begins. "Here's all you have to believe in: the secret war in Central America. All new Supreme Court Justices must rule abortion is a crime even in the case of rape and incest. No Equal Rights Amendment. No mutually verifiable nuclear freeze." Pictures of Reagan and Falwell appear side by side on the engraved invitation. Intones the voice-over: "Think about the people who have taken over the Republican Party. They want their new platform to be your new Constitution. Think about that."

Paid for by the Mondale for President Committee, the ad is part of a concerted Democratic drive to make Falwell a campaign issue. Mondale dropped the Fundamentalist preacher's name three times during the debate with President Reagan, and Running Mate Geraldine Ferraro picked up the refrain when she squared off with Vice President George Bush. Says a Mondale aide: "Jerry Falwell is a no-risk whipping boy."

The Mondale camp claims that Falwell, founder of the conservative Moral Majority, draws high negative ratings among key voting groups. For example, Moral Majority is anathema to some Jewish voters, as well as to the Yuppies, who tend to be conservative on economic matters but liberal on social issues, especially abortion. Says a Mondale aide: "Falwell is shorthand for the idea that God controls one candidate and one party."

Mondale was slow to zero in on Falwell. But when audiences began to respond with feeling to Mondale's occasional swipes at the Religious Right, the Democratic candidate began to make Falwell a standard item in his campaign repertory. Now Mondale bangs away at Falwell's boast that in a second Reagan term "we will get at least two more appointments to the Supreme Court." Says Mondale: "If you pull their lever, you'll be handing over the Supreme Court to Jerry Falwell, who wants to run the most private questions of your life."

Moral Majority does not turn the other cheek. It claims to have added 2 million Republican voters to the registration rolls this year, 8 million since 1978. Another fundamentalist group, Christian Voice, publishes a "Biblical Scoreboard" to show that Reagan is more faithful to the Scriptures than Mondale on abortion, homosexual rights, school prayer and national defense.

Falwell protests that he would have no veto power over Reagan's Supreme Court appointees (indeed Reagan chose Sandra Day O'Connor over Falwell's objections) and adds that he has favored legalized abortions when rape or incest is involved or to protect the life of the mother. Mondale's attacks, Falwell insists, actually help Moral Majority, boosting membership and fund raising. Says Falwell: "If there was some way I could pay Mr. Mondale to mention us more often, I would... I only hope that he keeps it up."



Moral Majority Founder Falwell

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As political theater, last week's debate between Vice-Presidential Candidates George Bush and Geraldine Ferraro had two things going for it: a bankable historical precedent and last-minute word of mouth. All along it was to be the first time that a woman contender for national office had trod on the dueling ground of televised debate. Then, after Ronald Reagan's unexpectedly weak performance against Walter Mondale, the match-off between running mates also became a potential benchmark scoring opportunity for Democrat Ferraro. The challengers had a chance to claim two underdog victories in quick succession and keep their comeback momentum rolling.

Unlike the general agreement on a Mondale triumph after the first presidential debate, the verdict in the vice-presidential contest depended on who was making the judgment. The initial quickie polls, while hardly reliable, confirmed the perceptions of most political analysts: Bush came out slightly ahead overall, and women viewers split about evenly between the two candidates. Four out of the seven members of a panel of debate judges assembled by the Associated Press gave Bush an outright win, while one thought Ferraro had eked out a victory and two scored the match as a tie. Both performances had been sufficiently credible for the candidates' backers to claim a win. Said G.O.P. Campaign Manager Edward Rollins: "The Vice President did extremely well." Countered Ferraro Campaign Manager John Sasso: "She went toe-to-toe with the Vice President of the United States and not only held her own but distinguished herself."

Despite his easy familiarity with national security and foreign affairs, the Vice President committed more factual gaffes than Ferraro. Early on in the debate he seemed so wildly overcharged in his delivery that Ferraro aides watching him on television derisively demanded that he be given a saliva test.

By contrast, Ferraro, the three-term Congresswoman from Queens, was uncharacteristically subdued in her speaking style, making an obvious effort to soften a sometimes barking delivery for television. Her sharp-tongued sparkle

plays well to partisans, but rankles many undecided voters. Yet Ferraro did cast the most telling blows of the debate, at one point effectively admonishing the Vice President for being "patronizing" toward her on a foreign affairs issue.

Bush was unwavering in his support for Reagan's policies, admitting only minor differences with the President on the issue of abortion: while Reagan supports a constitutional amendment that would pro-



Vice President Bush: an easy familiarity with security and foreign affairs
"Let me help you with the difference between Iran and Lebanon."

tect unborn fetuses except when the mother's life is threatened, the Vice President would add rape and incest as grounds for ending a pregnancy. Although in 1980 he labeled Reagan's tax and spending programs "voodoo economics," Bush now insisted he was fully behind Reaganomics. "Of course I support the President's economic program, and I support him in everything else," said Bush. Then, going on the offensive with a reminder that Mondale has disavowed programs like the Soviet grain embargo, which he supported as Vice President, Bush added: "And I'm not sure... if I didn't, I'd go doing what Mr. Mondale has done with Jimmy Carter: jump away from him."

Bush got himself in trouble by attempting to take credit for supporting civil rights measures that the Administration had at first opposed. President Reagan signed the longest extension of the Voting

Rights Act in its history. Bush pointed out, and his Administration has pursued more civil rights cases than its predecessor "by far." Reagan did indeed sign the voting rights extension, agreed Ferraro, but only after the Senate had passed it by an overwhelming majority over Reagan's initial opposition. As for the civil rights cases, she declared sarcastically, "the reason they enforced them [is] because under the law they're required to do that. And I'm delighted that the Administration is following the law."

The Vice President was wrong in some of his other claims of Administration accomplishments. In discussing poverty in the U.S., Bush claimed, "Human-resources spending is way, way up. Immunization programs are up." Ferraro quickly called him on those assertions, correctly pointing out that poor people's programs "suffered considerably under this Administration's first budget cuts," some of which were later restored. But in a debate that was weighed down, if anything, by too many statistics, Ferraro failed in this instance to back her rebuttal with numbers. Thus Bush was able to retort: "Spending for food stamps is way, way up under the Reagan Administration... and I am not going to be found wrong on that." In fact, fewer children can be immunized with federal funds in 1984 than in 1981. As for food stamps, federal spending in 1984 was only slightly above the 1981 level, and Reagan unsuccessfully sought to cut the program drastically.

The only light moments of the debate were generated in the unlikely context of the two candidates' problems with personal finances. Ferraro once again claimed that faulty work by a longtime family accountant was responsible for the many revisions required in her tax and mandatory financial disclosure forms, after they were subjected to scrutiny. "I have hired a marvelous [new] accountant," said Ferraro. "He will be doing my taxes over the next eight years while we are in the White House." Bush, who recently disclosed that the IRS had presented him with a bill for \$198,000 in back taxes and interest, allowed as how "I'd like to get his name and phone number." Parried Ferraro: "I warn you, he's expensive."

The most riveting exchange of the evening was provoked by a question about terrorism, an issue injected into the campaign by the car bombing of the U.S. embassy annex in Beirut a month ago. Ferraro noted Reagan's acceptance as Commander in Chief of responsibility for that and previous attacks against U.S. installations in Lebanon. "I'd like to know what that

means," demanded Ferraro. "Are we going to take proper precautions before we put Americans in situations where they're in danger, or are we just going to walk away?" In reply, Bush sought to contrast the difficulty of dealing with the anonymous terrorism practiced in Lebanon with the Carter Administration's failure to counter state-supported terrorism during the hostage crisis in Iran. Said the Vice President, in an ill-chosen tone of condescension: "Let me help you with the difference. Mrs. Ferraro, between Iran and the embassy in Lebanon." He then made a provocative and untrue charge, accusing Mondale and Ferraro of suggesting that U.S. military casualties in Lebanon had "died in shame."

In a quiet fury, Ferraro shot back. "Let me just say, first of all, that I almost resent, Vice President Bush, your patronizing attitude that you have to teach me about foreign policy." Furthermore, she said, "no one has ever said that those young men who were killed through the negligence of this Administration and others ever died in shame." Chastened or not, Bush had no rejoinder to either point.

The Vice President clearly savored playing world statesman. He recalled his role in seeking a treaty banning chemical weapons, adding that it was the Soviets who said, "Nyet, nyet, nyet!" His paeans to Reagan's leadership reached almost absurd heights in discussing his meeting last month with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. "I wish everybody could have seen that one, the President giving the facts to Gromyko in all of those nuclear meetings—excellent, right on top of the subject matter," gushed Bush. "And I'll bet you that Gromyko went back to the Soviet Union saying, 'Hey, listen, this President is calling the shots—we'd better move.'" The notion of the hardened Gromyko saying anything remotely similar to that would be laughable, were it not also a reminder that Bush evidently felt it necessary to insist so fervently that Reagan was in control of U.S. arms-control policy. That crucial but complex field is frequently cited, even by some within the Administration, as one in which the President has failed to seek or gain much expertise.

Ferraro unaccountably let that point pass. Instead she chose to attack Bush's argument that Reagan has not met with the top Kremlin official during his presidency because there have been three Communist Party chiefs in quick succession, precluding a stable Soviet leadership that could engage in fruitful dialogue. During the same period, argued Ferraro, the top Soviet officials did manage to meet with many other "world leaders,"

including French President François Mitterrand, West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl and Greek Cypriot President Spyros Kyprianou. Bush had no trouble deflecting that barb. "Well, I think there is quite a difference between Mr. Kyprianou of Cyprus and the leader of the free world, Ronald Reagan, in terms of meeting," he said.

On one crucial point regarding arms control, Ferraro sought to refute Administration claims. She said that a tentative agreement with the Soviets on intermediate-range nuclear forces, worked out during a private stroll by the two chief negotiators in Geneva and known as the "walk in the woods" solution, had been rejected by the Reagan Administration. Bush denied her assertion, insisting that Moscow

themes of the two campaigns. Said Bush, speaking to young viewers: "I know what it is to have a dream and have a job and work hard to employ others and really to participate in the American dream... We want for you America's greatest gift, and that is opportunity." Ferraro spoke of a patriotism that "is not only a pride in the country as it is, but a pride in this country that is strong enough to meet the challenges of the future."

Besides speaking in more measured tones than usual, Ferraro disconcerted some viewers by frequently lowering her head to refer to notes that she scribbled during Bush's speaking periods, a habit acquired during her courtroom days. The down-and-low delivery was such a departure from her brassy style on the stump, however, that some observers thought she came across as cowed. Chortled Bush's press secretary, Peter Teeley: "Her people took the spark out of her." Yet Ferraro may have been wise to err on the side of caution in modulating her high-octane delivery. Said Ferraro's press secretary, Francis O'Brien: "Everybody already knows she's quick-witted and feisty."

Well before Bush got into hot water over his careless post-debate remark about having "tried to kick a little ass last night," two others on his side had made similar slips. The unlikely of the pair was Bush's wife Barbara, who rarely talks to the press. On a campaign flight to New York City's Columbus Day parade, however, she declared to two accompanying reporters that she saw nothing wrong with her family's enjoyment of its wealth, as does "that \$4 million... I can't say it but it rhymes with rich." She later apologized to Ferraro for the indiscretion, claiming to the press that the unspoken word was "witch." Teeley, in handicapping the debate in advance, suggested that Ferraro might appear "too bitchy," later insisting that he used the term as a synonym for "crabby," and not as a sexual slur.

Both candidates had reason to look back on their match as a personal political plus. Bush provided a helping hand to Reagan in one of the few moments of his presidency when he needed it. For her part, Ferraro gained her first national exposure beyond the pressure-cooker experience of the press conference about her personal finances, at which she performed skillfully but was necessarily on the constant defensive. What last week's Philadelphia face-off mainly proved, however, is that vice-presidential candidates end up discussing essentially presidential issues, which are usually more effectively debated by the top of the tickets.

—By William R. Doerner,
Reported by David Beckwith with Ferraro and
Melissa Ludtke with Bush



Congresswoman Ferraro: a subdued performance with telling blows

"I almost resent your patronizing attitude that you have to teach me."

had vetoed any deal. In fact, while the deal was scuttled internally by Washington, both sides eventually renounced it. Ferraro did not pursue the point.

The Democratic challenger's temper seemed to flare one last time when one of four questioners asked how she would overcome her lack of experience in military affairs. Apparently thinking that the question referred to her lack of military service, Ferraro demanded sharply, "Are you saying that I would have to have fought in a war in order to love peace?" She then went on to answer the broader question, saying that as President she would not hesitate to use "concise and certain retaliation" against any Soviet challenge.

The summations of the two candidates were perhaps their finest moments in terms of laying out the contrasting



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Nation



Looking old: Reagan talks to reporters before setting off to campaign in Michigan

Questions of Age and Competence

The President seems fit—but is he too detached?



His hair is thick and wavy; his rolling gait has just a hint of swagger. Since Ronald Reagan became President, his chest has actually grown broader by three inches, thanks to his lifting weights. Posing for a photograph out at his ranch, he looks rangy and hale, an ageless cowboy. On a podium with waving flags and floating balloons, he can mesmerize and uplift. But when he speaks extemporaneously, the effect can be more halting than inspirational. He has long been notorious for bungling facts. He often mangles syntax. Somehow, with a quip or a smile, he usually manages to fight free of his verbal tangles, leaving listeners only uneasy, not alarmed.

But last week's presidential debate, watched by at least 80 million television viewers and parsed by scores of journalists, greatly magnified Reagan's rhetorical failings. His hesitation seemed like uncertainty, his digressions like rambling. He suffered by comparison with his opponent, Walter Mondale, who is 17 years younger and was, on this evening at least, considerably quicker and more composed. To many viewers, the kindly, anecdote-dropping uncle suddenly seemed old and a little out of it. To others, even those willing to give him the benefit of the doubt about his age, he seemed somewhat blather and ill at ease with the issues.

At 73, Reagan is the oldest President in U.S. history. At the end of a second term, he would be 77. Too old to be President? Before the debate, the question was hardly mentioned, so great were the Democrats' fears of a backlash. "Reagan created an issue that has not yet come up in this

campaign—age!" exulted California's Tony Coelho, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. "He looked old and acted old." Asked if Reagan was doddering in the debate, Coelho replied, "Well, he didn't quite drool."

Reagan at first tried to deflate the issue with quips. "I'll challenge him [Mondale] to an arm wrestle any time," he joked. Retorted Mondale: "We had a little brain wrestle on Sunday night." Reagan's physician, Dr. Daniel Ruge, volunteered that Reagan was "tired, everybody was tired" in the debate. Told of Ruge's comment by reporters, Reagan's response was defensive and somewhat baffling: "You got it wrong. He was tired."

With the age question dogging Reagan, the White House released the full results of a medical checkup on the President last May at Bethesda Naval Medical Center. The supervising examiner concluded that "Mr. Reagan is a mentally alert, robust man who appears younger than his stated age." The report noted some "diminished auditory acuity" (Reagan wears a small hearing aid in his right ear) and the presence of a small, benign polyp in his colon. The President takes weekly injections for allergies, but no other medicine. Reagan aides reminded reporters that Mondale takes three pills a day for high blood pressure.

About 10% of Americans between the ages of 65

and 75 are senile. The President clearly is not. Doctors watching the debate saw no signs of slurred speech or outright memory loss, the usual telltales. They did suggest that Reagan should be regularly tested for mental acuity. Though Reagan promised in 1980 that he would undergo testing for senility if elected, so far he has not. Earlier this year he told an interviewer that he would take the tests "only if there was some indication that I was drifting... Nothing like that has happened."

The slow response time that Reagan showed in the debate is not uncommon among older people. Said Dr. James Spar, a geriatrics psychiatrist at UCLA: "It's the kind of forgetfulness that when you reach back for a fact, it isn't there. But 20 minutes later, it comes back to you." Stress, not age, may explain Reagan's slips. "Any of us could be capable of that kind of performance live on national TV," said Dr. William Applegate, a geriatrics expert at the University of Tennessee.

There is no reason to believe that Reagan's intelligence is diminishing. "The competence of an individual does not change much with age," said Dr. T. Franklin Williams, director of the National Institute on Aging. "Many people in their 80s and 90s are quite capable of being President." Gerontologists point out that China is vigorously run by Deng Xiaoping, 80, and that half the members of the Soviet Politburo are over 70.

Reagan has aged less visibly in office than most of his modern predecessors. Indeed, his robust example may undermine the notion that age necessarily saps vigor. Said Spar: "Nowadays people between 65 and 75 are statistically more like young people than they are like old people." At about age 75, many people cross a vaguely defined line between what gerontologists call "young-old" and "old-old." They become less vigorous and more infirm. But doctors caution that the effects of aging vary greatly from person to person, and that Reagan is on the young side of old.



Looking young: weight man

Reagan aides profess not to be worried about the age issue. White House polls show fewer than 10% of the respondents expressing concern about Reagan's age and, says one adviser, "so far the effect on how people say they are going to vote is zero." Some point out, in a kind of backhanded defense of their boss, that he was mentally loose and sometimes sloppy with facts even when he was young. But that does not settle the question. "The real danger isn't that [his debate miscues] connote an age problem," said former Reagan Campaign Manager John Sears. "They

The Presidency/Hugh Sides

Growing Old in Office

raise questions about his competence."

That was the issue Mondale seized on. For weeks he has tried to depict Reagan as a dangerously detached leader who skates by the hard problems of governing. The debate provided more ammunition. Mondale told TIME: "The President must have control of the central facts in order to lead his government. If you don't have that, you can't lead."

Reagan's handlers have long tried to protect the President from exposing his detached approach to governing. They know that he is superb at making speeches but poor at answering questions, that he prefers hitting broad themes to picking over details. He has had fewer press conferences (26) than any President since Richard Nixon. His advisers worry about how he handles unrehearsed discussions with foreign leaders. Reagan sometimes has difficulty remembering names, much less complex negotiating positions. Meeting with Japanese Prime Minister Nakasone in June, he repeatedly referred to his own Vice President as "Prime Minister Bush."

But anyone can confuse facts and forget names. For the most part, Americans have been willing to forgive Reagan his minor gaffes, his seemingly untaxing work schedule, even his occasional brief naps in Cabinet meetings. His strength as a leader made his other failings seem picayune. Reagan has skipped over the minutiae of governing to articulate a clear vision for America. It can be argued that that is precisely what a President should do.

Still, some details are far from trivial. A year ago, Reagan admitted to groups of Senators and Congressmen that he had only recently learned that the Soviets were so heavily dependent on land-based missiles. He conceded that it was no wonder that the Soviets rejected as lopsided his original strategic arms control proposal, which urged that Moscow's land-based missiles be sharply cut back. Equally startling was Reagan's suggestion, at a news conference in May 1982, that sea-launched missiles are less dangerous than land-based missiles because they can be recalled after firing (they cannot).

Reagan continues to show little intellectual curiosity about the great dilemmas he must confront. He rarely seeks to convene experts in the Oval Office to toss around ideas on thorny subjects like the Middle East or arms control. Instead, he prefers to follow the consensus recommendation of his staff. If his advisers are capable—and most are—Reagan can afford to trust their judgment. But his staff is not elected, and some, most notably White House Chief of Staff James A. Baker, may not stay on through a second term. In sum, the issue Americans should debate is not Reagan's age but his effectiveness and the validity of his approach to governing. —By Evan Thomas. Reported by Douglas Brew/Washington, with other bureaus

Ronald Reagan is older. He forgets more often. He has more down time than he did four years ago. That will undoubtedly increase to some degree over the next four years of his life. The question is whether this aging has impaired his essential vitality and whether it might, in the next four years, have serious implications. There is no conclusive evidence.

Vitality is at the heart of leadership. It gives a person the desire to change things, the courage to act, the will to keep trying and the joy of achievement. Loss of vitality is not always a matter of age. Age measures only length of life, not a person's energy level or impact.

Most Presidents change in office, adjusting body and mind to compensate for advancing years or declining health. John Kennedy designed his routines to protect his ailing back. He insisted on a daily nap to keep a clear mind. Lyndon Johnson carried a plastic-encased electrocardiogram to show any doubters that

his damaged heart was still pumping adequately. He napped two hours a day, then revived with a cold shower rigged for 80 lbs. of pressure per square inch over his enormous body—and great gulps of Cutty Sark Scotch. Ike went through a heart attack, ileitis and a stroke but seemed to grow in kindness and wisdom as if to counterbalance his physical deterioration. He was as effective when he finished as when he started, but he was nowhere near as vigorous, physically or mentally.

Reagan could become infirm. So could Walter Mondale, who has high blood pressure that requires constant medication. Indeed, Mondale confessed that some of his early campaign glitches came from fatigue. Both Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt became seriously incapacitated, and their conditions were obscured from the public. The chances of that sort of thing happening in the television age are remote. We could detect it instantly, and the political and governmental system presumably would force the President to step



Wilson: secret ailments

down using the 25th Amendment, which establishes procedures for succession.

Reagan, our oldest President, had as good a health profile in 1980 as any recent President, and his physical record during this term is better than all of them, which was never more evident than in the way he recovered after being shot. Jerry Ford was plagued by rickety football knees, and Jimmy Carter complained early on that he did not have enough energy for all he had to do. He took up jogging to get his vitality back. There were times during Viet Nam and Watergate when both Johnson and Richard Nixon looked to be so burdened by events that they seemed mentally unsteady. None of the above has marred Reagan's years.

Subtle shifts in physical and mental health leave their mark on presidential actions. Without his throbbing back would Kennedy have been quite so glum after his 1961 Vienna summit with Nikita Khrushchev and spread so much alarm in the country? Hindsight suggests that the U.S. may have done a little more nervous saber rattling that summer than the situation in Berlin really required.

Some White House observers believe that Presidents are healthier in office than out. There is deep fulfillment in being at the center of events and helping the world solve its problems. There is also a singular exhilaration in times of crisis. When Kennedy flew off to rest in the Virginia countryside after the successful resolution of the Cuban missile crisis, he never looked or acted better. Nor did Carter after his triumphant ordeal at Camp David with Begin and Sadat. White House reporters have seen the color literally flood back into the faces of Presidents as they savored the roars of approval from great crowds. And White House aides have seen the eyes of Presidents begin to glow and their minds begin to gain speed as they engaged in the great chess game of power. As much as any other President, Reagan takes sustenance from the job. For that reason, the outcome on Nov. 6 has extra importance: his health may depend on it.



Reagan in Milwaukee: a dramatic gift of self-presentation



Mondale in Georgia: setting certain reversals in motion

Charms and Maledictions

After Louisville, a national pageant takes on new possibilities



Searching for a street-level reading of the nation's political mood, and the nuances of its shifts, Senior Writer Lance Morrow traveled with the Reagan and Mondale campaigns for 2½ weeks.

before and after the presidential debate. His report:

The atrium of the Hyatt Regency in Louisville is a bright interior shaft that rises up 16 stories from the lobby—an impressive effect. It makes the inside of the hotel look like a shopping mall that has ambitions to become a cathedral. Or, on the night of the presidential debate, like a sort of gala high-rise tenement. Tiers of balconies, one on every floor, overlook the lobby. They were festooned that night with American flags and sheets emblazoned with Republican slogans, and the faithful leaned out over each ledge to cheer Ronald Reagan when he returned from the debate: "Four more years! Four more years!"

Reagan, mounting a stage in the lobby, down at the bottom of this festive well, may have been relieved to be working with a script again. In the soft and almost purring voice that he can direct with such intimacy at a crowd, the President gave a short talk, part inspiration ("Fly as high as you can!"), part politics as manly game ("Come November, we're gonna tell Coach Tax Hike [Walter Mondale] to head for the showers"). The Republicans hollered and whooped. It had been a long night. Ronald and Nancy Reagan made their way to one of the glass elevators that run up one wall of the atrium. The Reagans walked inside and turned and waved through the transparent doors.

And then, an astonishing apparition: the glass capsule abruptly whooshed the

Reagans—still waving—skyward, as if they were speeding them back up into the clouds, back into the fleecy, mythic realm from which they had come. A hallucination out of Erich Von Daniken: Elevators of the Gods.

Louisville can only have left the President wishing that he could so easily sail back into his magic. Until the debate, the presidential campaign had been a disengaged and ghostly pageant, on either side a kind of somnambulation: Reagan working under a charm, Mondale under some sour malediction. After Louisville, the campaign began to develop, like a Polaroid picture in one's hand as the images start to come clear.

One sometimes thought that the author of the Mondale curse was Mondale. He seemed somehow to be psychically disconnected from his own passions, to be neutralized by an internal maze of defectors and scruples. He displayed a genius for undoing his successes. In any case, he had no political traction. For some reason, people heard not so much the substance of his words as his voice, an instrument that tended to reduce his strongest convictions to a whine. Maybe it was the upper Midwest talking, the boyhood as a Norwegian minister's son. In the vibrations of his voice, like wind through fence wire on a gray day, one heard the coming of a Minnesota winter.

If Mondale seemed at a psychic remove, Reagan worked at a physical remove, not talking to reporters, heading out perhaps twice a week to address rallies of his believers, to congratulate Americans for acting American and to dismiss the opposition—and, indeed, most complexity in the world—as being archaic, depressive and implicitly unmanly.

So the campaign proceeded across the weeks and months with an air of inevita-

bility, of history on cruise control. No one paid a great deal of attention. It was like an argument going on in another part of the house. Reagan was so far ahead, nearly everyone agreed, that he would carry something close to 50 states, maybe even all of them.

It was not merely that Mondale was something of a lusterless and dispiriting alternative to a personally popular sitting President in a period of peace and economic recovery. A more mysterious and complex process was occurring in the American psyche. Americans considered Mondale with a merciless objectivity. But many of them came to absorb Ronald Reagan in an entirely different and subjective manner. They internalized him. In recent months, Reagan found his way onto a different plane of the American mind, a mythic plane. He became not just a politician, not just a President, but very nearly an American apotheosis. The Gipper as Sun King.

A dispassionate witness may say that it was all done with mirrors and manipulation, with artfully patriotic rhetoric and Olympic imagery, the Wizard of Oz working the illusion machine. But that does not entirely do credit to the phenomenon. In an extraordinary way, Reagan came in some subconscious realms to be not just the leader of America but the embodiment of it. "America is back," he announced with a bright, triumphant eye. Back from where? Back from Viet Nam, perhaps, and Watergate and the sexual revolution and all the other tarnishing historical uncleannesses that deprived America of her virtue and innocence.

Partly by accident of timing, partly by a kind of simple genius of his being, Reagan managed to return to Americans something extremely precious to them: a sense of their own virtue. Reagan—completely American, uncomplicated, forward-looking, honest, self-deprecating—became American innocence in a 73-year-old body (The American sense of innocence and virtue does not always strike

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the world as a shining and benign quality, of course.)

Whatever the reasons, the campaign of 1984 did not stack up exactly as an equitable contest. Until last week, Reagan's aura purchased him surprising immunities. The polls showed a majority of Americans disagreeing with him on specific issues but planning to vote for him anyway.

Not long ago, Reagan went to Bowling Green State University for a political appearance that looked and sounded like every Big Ten pep rally of the past 20 years compacted into an instant. Reagan's helicopter, *deus ex machina* again, fluttered down onto the grass outside, visible to the waiting crowd through a great window, and the students erupted in an ear-splitting roar, waving their Greek fraternity letters on placards. REBUILDING AN AMERICA THAT ONCE WAS, said one sign. The young these days seem prone to a kind of aching nostalgia for some American prehistory that they cannot quite define, but sense in Reagan. The chant of "We Want Ron!" elided into the Olympic chant, "U.S.A! U.S.A.!" To some extent, they were merely exuberant kids making noise, but their identification with, their passion for, a 73-year-old President was startling. And so was their equation of the man with the nation he leads. Who would have thought that an aged movie actor would be, for so many of the young, the man for the '80s?

His critics speak of Reagan scathingly as an empty man, and yet he is a man with, sometimes, a dramatic gift of self-presentation. He conducts himself with a remarkably amiable dignity and sense of discretion, a sort of perfect American *gravitas*. In Milwaukee one day, after he spoke at the city's Oktoberfest, a small, seraphically lovely little blond girl in a peasant dress came up hesitatingly to give him a bouquet of flowers. Politicians are often oafs around little children, overdoing it. With an exquisite sense of tenderness and courtesy, Reagan took the flow-

ers, bent slightly, talked to the girl, then gently picked her up for a moment. He talked some more, set her down, and, head bobbing slightly, waved the flowers over his head in a gesture that was simultaneously self-deprecating and triumphal.

The debate with Mondale may have broken the spell somewhat, but many Americans are inclined to be curiously protective of Reagan. Perhaps, after so many failed presidencies since the assassination of John Kennedy, an amazing number of Americans are eager to see Reagan succeed. Or, at least many Americans are. Many are not. One of the accomplishments of Reagan's campaign up until Louisville was to create a sense not only of inevitability but of unanimity as well. Reagan's managers accomplished this by crafting his campaign not as a political argument but as a traveling ceremony of patriotic inspiration.

A presidential campaign is a phenomenon of surreal trajectories. The plane rises up out of the weather, out of the mess and scurry of one campaign stop, and breaks up into pure sunshine. One flies through the blue altitudes, over the abstract, tumbling snowfields of cumulus, then plunges down again, into the weather, into another part of America. The nation ceases to be a geographic continuum. It becomes, instead, a sequence of fragmented locales, discrete and (except for hurriedly noticed details of local color) interchangeable, like particles in Einstein's physics: The gods ascend and descend, with their entourages and motorcades. They sweep to the event and sweep back to the plane and away. It is always touching, a little haunting, to see the people waiting on the access roads for the motorcade to hurry by, waiting for an hour or two in little clusters, holding signs of support or hostility, waiting for a glimpse that lasts a few seconds. The sight is haunting because those people, receding in the distance, always look as if they have just

been abandoned there by the roadside.

Time is minutely scheduled, and yet, as experienced, weirdly elastic. Yesterday seems like last month. The memory of everything but the past hour or so vanishes. The campaign, the long march, often goes on in a kind of twilight. There are sudden bright bursts of light and color and balloons and rhetoric, and then the twilight descends again. If one is flying with the White House press, the most reliable thread of continuity is ABC's Sam Donaldson, who prowls buses and planes with the air of an amused but inner-directed, snout dog, sleekly alert but inner-directed, snout in the wind, picking up scents, eyes manically abstracted. Every so often he loudly barks out some strange witticism to no one in particular.

The day after the Louisville debate, the White House "spinners" were hard at work on the press plane, on the buses. The President was heading to Charlotte, N.C., for an appearance with Senator Jesse Helms and then to Baltimore. The spinners, a patrol of top White House staff members, have the task of chatting with the press and trying to get a favorable spin on stories. They were working that day at damage control.

The debate was a sudden deflation. One could hear the air rushing into the vacuum. Now Reagan seemed flat and disconcerted and, weirdly, somehow a stranger to himself. In Charlotte, a city that takes pride in having made its busing program a model for the rest of the country, Reagan denounced the practice of busing and was greeted with silence. The Baltimore event was curiously disheveled. Reagan was there to unveil a statue of Christopher Columbus at the Inner Harbor. The crowd was dotted with protesters ("No More Tears! No More Tears!") and anti-Reagan signs (DEAD MARINES FOR REAGAN.) Back on the press bus, Donaldson bellowed to his constituency: "Big Mo ain't here today!"

Louisville, at least for the moment, set

Nation

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Proving Lincoln Was Right

This is the year in which those who market our presidential candidates mastered the art of bypassing the press. As a result, it took until the first debate before issues finally got joined. The merchandising of the candidates will increase while the press, so far with limited success, seeks to pierce it.

Candidates naturally aim to use the press without being burned by it, but never before have the marketers of candidates so successfully evaded real press scrutiny while staging controlled events that show their candidates to best advantage on television. The Reagan people have had four years of practice at it. Columnist James Reston of the *New York Times*, who has seen Presidents come and go (he is a few steps short of 75), ruefully describes them as "the best public relations team ever to enter the White House." They got away with cutting presidential press conferences to the fewest in ten years, knowing these can expose Reagan's ignorances. They get their man on nightly television with a planned quip and a farwell wave, while the helicopter's rotors drown out questions. White House advisers anonymously brief network correspondents, promoting Reagan's policies and taking potshots at his critics.

Network correspondents then troop triumphantly out on the White House lawn to mouth these comments as if they were repeating inside information instead of the daily Administration line. Washington's print journalists are a frustrated lot. Pooh-bah journalism is dead, and the role of the Washington columnist diminished, both having given way to television's visual immediacy.

Print journalists continue to do their job, which sometimes involves correcting a President's facts, recording divisions in his Administration or noting his own inattention to affairs, but they wonder how many want to hear it. Two months ago Reston noted "the remarkable gap between public opinion and inside-Washington opinion." Pulitzer Prizewinner Haynes Johnson of the *Washington Post* began one report: "So far, he's proving Lincoln was right. You can fool all of the



Questions lost in the whirl

people some of the time." The *Post's* David Broder discouragingly described "a nation that does not want to be bothered by anything that does not translate into immediate personal benefit." Broder in conversation ascribes this to a prospering economy and to "contentment with Reagan as they have seen him. But they don't see him in meetings, they don't see him in unprepared situations." That is why, Broder believes, Reagan's debate performance disturbed so many.

The marketers of candidates tend to tolerate print journalists but used to kowtow to television news stars. This year the TV stars too are being bypassed. All the morning news programs, *60 Minutes* and the Sunday talk shows have besieged the candidates to expound their views to large audiences for free, but acceptances have been few. Ralph Nader accuses the candidates of being "foolishly cautious" and is especially critical of Mondale, who needs all the visibility he can get. But the handlers of all the candidates fear gaffes and awkward questions. They prefer their candidates to be seen on evening news shows making public appearances they can more closely control, and to spend millions of dollars on TV commercials, where without challenge they can hammer home simplistic themes. Often in these the viewer doesn't even see the candidate, but instead watches synthetic man-in-the-street interviews, where carefully recruited people speak with rehearsed spontaneity. At this point, the truth has moved so far into left field that it would take two cutoff men to relay it back to home plate. What campaign marketers have learned is that viewers do not often distinguish between "paid TV" and "free TV"; after a while it all becomes something they "have seen on television."

Journalists may at times be abrasive, arrogant or less than brilliant, and everyone is entitled to his own dislikes among them. But the cavalier way in which the Reagan and Mondale camps dismissed 83 top journalists as debate questioners is hard to match for arrogance. The campaign being waged by the marketers is a shoddy parody of the democratic process.

certain reversals in motion. Mondale had frequently been the spiritless candidate before. A few days earlier, he flew to Little Rock, Ark., to address a meeting of the Rural Electric Cooperative. Introduced in a not-very-charismatic line as a "long-term friend of rural electrification," Mondale looked out at the crowd with a weary countenance, with his hawk's beak and the hooded eyes that at certain moments give him the look of a middle-aged prince of the House of Saud. Mondale's delivery was dismal. His sentences sounded like great labor, as if his voice were being forced to carry an unwieldy armful of words, staggering toward the door under their weight, and then dropping the last two or three syllables just before the period. Laboring and pleading. A few farmers got up and walked out.

But after Louisville, Mondale was transfigured. His eyes shone. His voice took color. The debate legitimized him as a candidate, gave him plausibility and stature. An extraordinary though usually buried theme of this campaign is manhood. There is a bizarre testosterone factor at work. Reagan was tough. Mondale was a wimp. The debate in some senses reversed that too. Reagan seemed weak and lost and old. Mondale, in the eyes of the electorate, was granted his manhood.

So at Pittsburgh a couple of days after the debate, Mondale fired up a huge rally at Market Square. The band played the theme from *Rocky*. Hard-hatted steelworkers cheered him on. His rhetoric even began to swagger, to grow looser and more colloquial. In Cincinnati, he talked about sending criminals to "the slammer." Fighting Fritz.

All was not, as Yeats wrote, "changed, changed utterly." But the campaign was changed, pitched into new possibilities, or at least the possibility of possibilities. If Reagan remained the probability, the debate introduced that new shadow of age, the specter of presidential brownouts. On the press bus, one entertained fantasies of an Autumn of the Gipper, of Reagan winning in a moment of culminating splendor in 1984, then, over the next four years, fading off to become a merely ceremonial presence, the emeritus of the American dream.

The campaign planes are back and forth across the landscape. The pilot breaks into a little public-address rhapsody about the brilliant foliage underneath. One afternoon the shadow of the Mondale plane upon the clouds below is surrounded by a brilliant yellow halo. Why? Has Mondale acquired an aura too? Everywhere in the plane is the little insect click of the lap-riding portable computer: information in bits and bytes pollinating the nation, a part of nature now.

Land in another city. The motorcade hurtles toward the people yet again. The campaign proceeds. It begins to seem a sort of dreamwork of American power.

—By Lance Morrow

Free at Last, Free at Last

Congress bows out, and so do some respected veterans

"We're engaged in a game of chicken—and we all look like turkeys," protested Republican Senator Warren Rudman of New Hampshire. Even the Senate chaplain seemed to be seeking forgiveness for the dilatory and disorderly conduct. "Father in heaven, we are here under duress," intoned the Rev. Richard Halverson. "But we imposed this on ourselves." The flagellation was fully justified. Congress had shrugged off difficult decisions for months, failing even to finance basic governmental functions. With the pre-election adjournment approaching, it had swung into a belated frenzy of partisan maneuvering that produced only gridlock. Four of its self-imposed deadlines slipped past.

Finally, last week a compromise was reached after endless negotiations that left the office of Alaska's Ted Stevens, Senate floor manager for the funding bill, strewn with litter. The end was in sight. The Democratic House completed its chores, and most of its members scurried out of Washington. The Republican Senate convened for the final formalities, including an affectionate farewell tribute to retiring Majority Leader Howard Baker. All that remained was to raise the national debt ceiling by \$251 billion, to \$1.824 trillion, since the old limit would otherwise be surpassed. But then Democratic Senators balked. Long berated by Republicans for raising the debt limits in previous Administrations, the Democrats sought revenge. They demanded a roll-call vote, knowing that so many Republican Senators had left town that the bill could not be passed. It lost.

Senate leaders frantically dispatched Air Force jets on Friday to retrieve wandering legislators from campaign and home sites. The Pentagon placed the cost of flying Senators John Tower of Texas, Jeremiah Denton of Alabama and Thad Cochran of Mississippi back to the Capitol from their home states at \$4,100. Air Force funds are routinely set aside for such travel in a congressional crisis. By afternoon nine more Senators willing to vote for the debt hike had returned, and the bill passed, 37 to 30. "I thought this day would never come," said Baker after casting the last vote of his 18-year Senate career.

In its wake, the 98th Congress left a helter-skelter of dead bills. Among the principal casualties was a long-overdue reform of the nation's immigration laws, the Simpson-Mazzoli bill. Also abandoned was a civil rights measure that restated the intent of Congress, in the aftermath of a contrary Supreme Court ruling, to deny all federal funds to entire institutions, rather than just to the offending department or program, if discrimination is

practiced. Killed, too, was a bill to renew and increase financing of the superfund program under which Washington helps states and localities clean up toxic-waste dumps. The fates of these bills will depend heavily on the unknown makeup of the next Congress and Administration.

Several politically charged issues had virtually immobilized the legislators. The House had voted to end all further fund-



Senator Ted Stevens amid a sea of legislation
Playing chicken and looking like turkeys.

ing of the CIA-sponsored *contras* fighting the Sandinista government in Nicaragua and slow President Reagan's Star Wars defense plan by banning the testing of antisatellite weapons in space. The Senate, however, insisted on funding both programs. In addition, the House wanted to spend some \$100 million next year on 39 water projects, many in the West. Reagan let it be known that he was prepared to veto any funding bill that included major water projects and denounce the Democrats as big spenders.

The House-Senate conference wrangled inconclusively over these matters. At one point, Massachusetts Republican Silvio Conte, a House conferee, eased the tension by donning a pair of comic eyeglasses. The impasse was broken by what some labeled a Democratic ploy. House negotiators agreed to drop the water projects, thus putting pressure on the Republicans to abandon

contra funding. The Republicans finally relented; *contra* aid was cut off at least until next February, when a new vote can be taken if the President certifies that Nicaragua is still trying to subvert its neighbors in Central America. As for the Star Wars proposal, the Pentagon was permitted \$1.4 billion in new funding for three antisatellite tests and other research.

After the carnage, a few veterans began to remove mementos of their Capitol Hill careers from office walls and prepared to return to private life. The week was the last one in Congress for other Senate veterans besides Baker, among them John Tower, 59, and West Virginia's Jennings Randolph, 82, and for House Retirees Barber Conable of New York, 61, and Jack Edwards, 56, of Alabama.

Baker looked at the shiny new plaque his colleagues had voted to put over the door of the majority leader's office: THE HOWARD H. BAKER JR. ROOM. Despite last week's chaos, Baker contended that, on the whole, "it's a better Senate now than it was when I came in. There are fewer personal animosities, fewer institutional conflicts." Although he was able to piece together a slim majority on dozens of crucial bills, Baker was occasionally criticized for being too much of a cajoler and not enough of a browbeater. "It doesn't make any difference how loud, or how boisterous, a leader gets," he replies. "You only have certain remedies, short of physical assault—and we haven't had a caning in the Senate since 1848." (Actually, it was 1856.)

Baker, who will head the Washington office of a Texas law firm and who wants to run for President, said he has one regret about his Senate years. He failed to persuade his colleagues to let their sessions be televised, as the House's are. "Some day the Senators will lose their concern that people will see them for what they really are," he predicts.

Conable, who has spent 20 years in the House, insists that he is not leaving Congress out of frustration. Nor is he appalled by the way his last session ended. "Exhaustion and exasperation are frequently the handmaidens of legislative decision," he notes. Overall, he claims, Congress is "functioning the way the founding fathers intended—not very well." He explains,

"They understood that if you move too quickly, our democracy will be less responsible to the majority. I don't think it's the function of Congress to function well. It should drag its heels on the way to decision." That the 98th Congress certainly did, dillying and dallying on important legislation, then rushing to judgment while exhausted.

—By Ed Magnuson,
Reported by Jay Branagan/
Washington



Conte clowning

The Senate: Rising Democratic Stars



Senate seats vacated by the retirement of popular incumbents offer a chance for two rising stars in the Democratic Party to become more visible nationally: West Virginia Governor John D. ("Jay") Rockefeller IV and Tennessee Congressman Albert Gore Jr., both scions of famous families.

A Family Tradition

After 16 years in West Virginia politics, Democrat Jay Rockefeller no longer has to worry about his state's voters rejecting him as a rich-kid carpetbagger from New York and Harvard. And, with two solid terms as Governor, he should be a shoo-in to fill the seat of retiring Democratic Senator Jennings Randolph. So why is Rockefeller running so hard? Because he remembers 1972 and the last G.O.P. landslide. "I went through the McGovern year," he says of his initial, unsuccessful run for Governor. "The coattail effect this year, the potential for a Reagan victory, is something I have to factor in." Indeed, last week Indiana Senator Richard Lugar, head of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, declared the West Virginia seat one of three he believes might be taken from the Democratic column.

Rockefeller, 47, the nephew of former Republican Governors in New York and Arkansas, seems to have a comfortable lead. The West Virginia Poll last month put him 16 points ahead of his Republican opponent, Businessman John Raese, 34. With personal wealth of around \$150 million, Rockefeller has been able to spend

more than \$7 million on his campaign so far. Raese has spent only about a tenth as much.

"I know the federal system—the people, the players, the structure," Rockefeller says. "You can't trade on that kind of experience. The fellow I'm running against has been tested not at all, and to the extent he has been tested in the campaign he has come up as a real amateur."

The charge seems fair enough. Raese is a conservative with no political experience. During the Republican Convention in Dallas, Raese got into a scuffle with a Charleston *Gazette* reporter over the candidate's erstwhile advocacy of right-to-work laws. At a United Mine Workers rally on Labor Day, Raese practically heckled his opponent as Rockefeller addressed the crowd. "Come on, big boy," he shouted to the gentlemanly, 6-ft. 7-in. Governor, "I'm ready to debate you!" Rowdy Raese expects indulgence from voters. Says he: "I don't think West Virginia is going to elect Governor Rockefeller on a few minor mistakes I've made."

Rockefeller touts himself as one of his party's "new pragmatists," those who know how to make tough spending cuts. While denying presidential ambitions, he has run television ads on Washington stations, which reach only 7% of the state's residents, in what may partly be an effort to impress powerful Washingtonians. A quarter of West Virginia's coal mines closed during Rockefeller's last term, and the unemployment rate at 13.6% is the highest in the country, but his prospects seem undamaged. "It's like, 'Don't blame Jay,'" grouses State G.O.P. Chairman Kent Hall. "Somehow he's able to divert attention away from his failures." ■

A Father's Footsteps

When Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker announced that he would not run for re-election, jubilant Tennessee Democrats figured that his seat was theirs practically for the asking. Baker had no well-known Republican protégés within the state, and Democrat Albert Gore Jr. immediately staked his claim. The seat once belonged to his father, who had served as one of the Senate's most eminent members for 18 years. After four terms in the House and plum congressional committee assignments, handsome, likable "Prince Albert" was a Capitol Hill golden boy. In the midsummer polls, he led his opponent by 40 points.

Reagan and Vice President Bush traveled to Tennessee this fall to pump prestige into Victor Ashe's underdog campaign. The President has a 2-to-1 lead over Walter Mondale in the state, and Ashe is shrewdly campaigning under a "Reagan-Ashe" banner. His opponent is



Gore: golden boy of Capitol Hill

far less comfortable with a "Mondale-Gore" tag. Ashe pressed his rival on this point during a televised debate by offering him \$5 merely to mention the Democratic presidential candidate by name on the air. Nonplussed, Gore ducked the taunt. But his lead, though still strong, has narrowed to some 20 points.

A Yale graduate from a wealthy family, Ashe, 39, resurrected his kindergarten nickname, "Bulldog," for the race. He certainly is tenacious. A little-known and less liked 19-year veteran in the state legislature (he was voted one of the 20 "worst" legislators last April), Ashe lobbied ferociously for the Republican nomination. In an unusual step, the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee settled upon Ashe before the primary to avoid a costly, divisive race. One piqued G.O.P. hopeful, Ed McAteer, 57, a former Colgate-Palmolive executive, is running as an independent. The archconservative founder of the Religious Roundtable, an evangelical political group, McAteer may siphon off right-wing votes from Ashe.

Ashe paints his Democratic opponent as a woolly, spendthrift liberal. But the Harvard-educated Gore, 36, a Viet Nam veteran and onetime Nashville *Tennessean* reporter, is a moderate who currently stresses his conservative side. He opposes federal funding for abortion and supports a balanced budget. For all his advantages, however, he insists he is still "running scared." Having answered positively to questions about the need for a separation of church and state, Gore adds, "I also believe in the separation of the presidential campaign and the race in Tennessee." ■



Rockefeller: well-connected realist

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Cheat Sheet

A report on arms infractions

The wait that accompanied the report was exceptionally long, even by Washington standards. The bulky document on alleged Soviet violations of international agreements was prepared by the General Advisory Committee (GAC), a panel affiliated with the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and sent to President Reagan in December 1983. But it was not until last week that the White House, under pressure from conservative Republican Senators, released a summary of its findings. The verdict: the U.S.S.R. has committed "material breaches" of half of the 26 arms agreements it has been party to.

The most serious allegation concerned the Soviet construction of a large radar facility in Siberia. Under the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile treaty, the two nations agreed that radar capable of spotting incoming enemy warheads could be situated only on the periphery of each country and "oriented outward." The Siberian radar is located 500 miles inland and pointed over the Siberian land mass. The Soviet claim that the installation is a satellite-tracking station does not satisfy U.S. arms experts. For their part, however, the Soviets could question the legality of U.S. radar facilities in Georgia and Texas.

The study also cites three violations of the SALT II treaty, which has never been ratified but which both Washington and Moscow claim to observe. Chief among these is the Soviets' testing of two new intercontinental ballistic missiles in violation of the treaty's ban on testing more than one. The Kremlin contends that one of the missiles is merely a modernization of an older weapon; the U.S., the Soviets point out, is planning two new missiles, the MX and the Midgetman.

The Arms Control Association, a Washington-based research and lobbying group, denounced the findings as "largely stale claims." Stale indeed may have been the allegation that the Soviets are sending aircraft carriers through the Turkish straits in defiance of the 1936 Montreux Convention, which the U.S. did not sign.

The hawkish report presented a dilemma for the Administration, which has adopted a more conciliatory rhetorical approach toward the Soviets during the election campaign. Reagan sat on the report for ten months, claiming he had not had time to "study" it. Last week he sent it to Congress without a formal endorsement.

A more telling reading of the Administration's concerns on arms control is expected later this year, when the White House is scheduled to issue its own report on Soviet violations. That document will expand on a preliminary study, released last January, which cites seven likely arms-control violations by the Soviets. It is expected to be more moderate in tone than the GAC document. ■



The Bhagwan, in Rolls-Royce, cheered by followers and guarded by gunman

Whose Home Is This?

An Oregon county grows restless over a guru's recruits

Where once only sagebrush and tumbleweed dotted dull gray desert, a modern hotel (\$94 a night), a 4,300-ft. airport runway, a two-story redwood shopping center and strings of small wooden houses now adorn the hills. A sophisticated sewage-treatment plant draws raves from visiting experts, and wildlife officials marvel at the increase in birds that breed in the long-barren acres.

Throughout the incorporated city of Rajneeshpuram in central Oregon's Wasco County, young followers of the Indian mystic Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh bustle about their business. The Bhagwan, who set up the community in 1981, has taken a vow of silence; he tours his 64,000-acre ranch in a \$119,000 Rolls-Royce Silver Spur with armed guards. His followers, mostly middle-class refugees from urban living, smile frequently, embrace warmly, and enjoy poker and blackjack in their private casino.

Despite the benign temperament and capitalist success of the group's members, who dress in sunrise colors (orange, red and lilac), the rest of Wasco County has greeted them with an understandable mixture of bemusement, fear and anger. The Rajneeshes have been scouring the country in search of recruits among homeless street people, enticing them to come live on their pastoral spread with promises of vegetarian meals and an unharried atmosphere. While the Rajneeshes have refused to explain their motives in this recruitment drive, their neighbors have come to the not unreasonable conclusion that the aim is to enlarge the Bhagwan's political power. Two of the three Wasco County commissioners will be elected on Nov. 6. The Bhagwan's personal secre-

tary, Ma Anand Sheela, has announced that all the new street people, perhaps some 3,500, will register to vote. She has also suggested that the sect may vote for its own write-in candidates for the two seats.

With the cutoff of voter registration for the November election set for this week in Oregon, and with fears growing of a Wasco County coup by the Rajneeshes, County Clerk Sue Proffitt took unusual action. She announced that she was automatically rejecting all new applications for voter registration. Each applicant, she said, could seek a hearing at which his or her eligibility would be decided. She was doing so, she said, to stop "organized efforts to fraudulently register people." The cumbersome process would effectively stall any massive Rajneesh registration.



Recruit protesting voting rules

By 1982, the sect had enough of its own members living in Antelope, 15 miles away, to take elective control of the seven-seat council in the tiny town (pop. 95). Although the community has surged from 2,000 to 5,500 in just the past month, the county has 14,000 non-Rajneesh registered voters, so a similar takeover is unlikely.

Some of the new arrivals have become bored in the countryside and have demanded free bus tickets to return to urban centers. Many of them have left, enlarging the street population of Portland. But at the ranch, most contented followers of the Bhagwan wonder what all the furor is about. Declared Ma Prem Goldie, a former Los Angeles high school teacher: "I haven't missed a thing about the outside world. Time and the future don't get in the way here. This is truly a religious experience." —By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Michael Moritz/Rajneeshpuram

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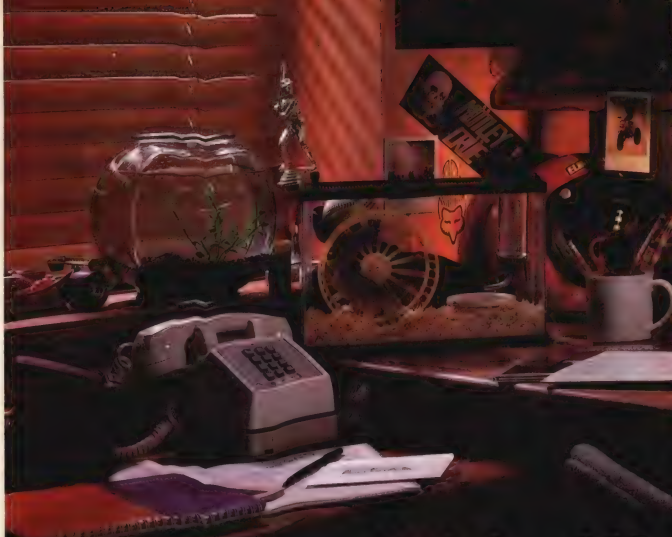
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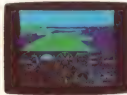
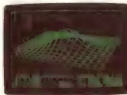
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A Horsey Holiday for Her Majesty

Queen Elizabeth tours Kentucky farms and Wyoming ranches

She did not step up to the \$250 window and bet a bundle at Keeneland, the racetrack in Lexington, Ky. Nor did she twirl any lariats when she visited a splendid cowboy supply shop in Sheridan, Wyo. (pop. 15,146), or shout "Yippee-yi-o-ay-ay" at her home away from home on the range. Nonetheless, to the eager people who got a glimpse of Elizabeth II, Queen of the United Kingdom and Defender of the Faith, during her trip through the American heartland last week, her mere presence was showy enough. "She's approachable," marveled Bud Precise, a Methodist minister who saw her at Keeneland. "She stopped and smiled at everybody. She's the Queen—you don't see one of those every day."

Indeed not. Her Majesty's American holiday, five days in Kentucky's Bluegrass country and four in Wyoming's Big Horn Mountains, was her first unofficial trip abroad since 1967. Unlike the spectacular public tour of California last year with President Reagan, last week's vacation was determinedly private. Her accommodations, while grand, were also chosen for their isolation.

But even her brief forays into public view made grown men gush. "She's got the whole world to go to," exclaimed Lexington Mayor Scotty Baesler, who greeted the Royal Air Force VC10 at the airport, "and she's coming to Lexington!" Ever a Briton, the Queen carried her own black broolly through the drizzle and immediately decamped to Lane's End Farm, the 1,400-acre estate of her host, Horse Breeder William Farish III. A Humble Oil heir, Farish met the Queen while in England for a polo match. Indeed, the theme of the trip was almost entirely equine. Her main sideline back home is the sport of monarchs: she owns 27 Thoroughbreds and came to Kentucky to check out possible 1985 studs for a few of her 22 broodmares. Spendthrift Farms Owner Brownell Combs II explained the attraction of the area. "This is where the stallions are," he said, "and the semen controls the industry."

Lord Porchester, the Queen's racing manager, says that she is "an absolutely first-rate judge of horseflesh." Among the stallions trotted out for her at Spendthrift were two Triple Crown winners, Seattle Slew and Affirmed. At Claiborne Farm she met the third living Triple Crown horse, Secretariat, before a groom brought out a retired stud at the Queen's request: the legendary Round Table, who was born to a horse bred at the royals' farm, Sandringham Stud.

Thursday was a day at the races. An unusually big weekday crowd (12,666) came to Keeneland to watch her and the horses. "She's darling," pronounced Lori

Wykstra, a retired nurse. "I didn't see anything dowdy about her." Inside the wood-paneled Keeneland pavilion, the Queen watched a mock yearling sale-cum-Thoroughbred quiz show, all staged for her amusement; the M.C. described only the horses' pedigrees, while the visitor and



With Farish at Lane's End Farm, Elizabeth II checks out a mare; inset, waving to racecourse crowd "She's the Queen—you don't see one of those every day."

her entourage guessed at the identity of each animal. Later, mingling a bit with the groundlings in the grandstand after the \$100,000 Queen Elizabeth II Challenge, she chatted with the winners. "How do you like racing at Keeneland?" she asked Jockey Keith Allen. Just fine, replied the excited rider, just fine.

A round rugged Big Horn, Wyo. (pop. 217), where the Queen went next, commoners professed not to care much about the visitor out at Canyon Ranch. The principal of Big Horn Elementary School, Ken Welch, even refused the Secret Service request to keep his students off Canyon Road on their way home Friday afternoon. Said Welch: "No way we're gonna reroute a school bus just because the Queen of England is here." Wealthy Rancher William Schroeder, 71, was more jovially grumpy. "What's the fuss?" said Schroeder with a smile. "There's been limeys infecting this valley

for 100 years now. It's too late to get all worked up over another one."

Indeed, the area is something of a Wild West refuge for British aristocracy. In the late 19th century, romantic, well-to-do immigrants from Britain poured in: of the 311 Wyoming "ranchmen" the census tallied in 1880, 52 were British. Oliver Wallop, the future Earl of Portsmouth, established Canyon Ranch. The 4,000-acre ranch is still in the family, and the Earl's grandchildren are Anglo-American somebodies: Malcolm Wallop is a Republican Senator from Wyoming, and the Senator's sister Jean is Lady Porchester, wife of the Queen's racing manager.

The just-folks meals at the big stone-and-clapboard ranchhouse were rich. Lady Porchester said that she served "chicken pie as well as apple pie—but not

at the same meal—rainbow trout, American ice cream and lots of cookies." Saturday night the Queen was host at a cozy banquet, featuring steak and cheesecake for her companions and a dozen Wallop friends at the rustic Maverick Supper Club, a onetime gambling joint.

The clash of cultures was quaint. But the visiting Britons did nearly prompt one international incident. The two-week elk-hunting season begins in western Sheridan County just as the Queen is to leave for London this week. A security-conscious retainer asked local authorities if the season might be postponed a few days. Not bloody likely. "They didn't know what they were asking," Sheriff William Johnson suggested indignantly. Bruce King of King's Saddlery was thrilled that the Queen visited his shop—but come on, he said, "you don't mess with hunting season."

—By Kurt Anderson. Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Lexington and Robert C. Wurmstedt/Sheridan

American Notes

WHISTLE BLOWERS

With Labor, That Will Be . . .



Fitzgerald testifies

Weapons manufacturers normally do not worry about competitive bidding when renegotiating Pentagon contracts. Their profits are generally fixed as a percentage of costs. Or supposed costs: an Air Force study of six major contractors, released to a congressional committee last week, disclosed that they routinely mark up labor expenses by—quite legally—computing in overhead charges more than ten times as high as those of civilian business. The cost may reach \$50 billion a year. "When you see a beautiful military jet flying overhead," said the study's author, Air Force Analyst A. Ernest Fitzgerald, "you're seeing a collection of overpriced parts flying in close formation."

Fitzgerald, who exposed cost overruns on the C-5A transport plane in 1969, had been warned he risked arrest if he revealed the names of the contractors in his report. The names were duly omitted, but leaked out later. Among the findings: at Rockwell International, actual labor costs on the B-1 bomber were \$15 an hour, but the final charge to the Government was nearly \$200. Boeing's cruise missile markup was from \$14 to nearly \$114 an hour.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Comandante in mufti

Standing awkwardly behind a microphone in a new suit and tie, he looked like a timid substitute teacher or possibly a computer whiz before a job interview—anything but what he really was: the uncompromising leader of Nicaragua's pro-Marxist Sandinista regime. *Comandante* Daniel Ortega Saavedra, who is running in his government's first presidential elections on Nov. 4, spent the past two weeks stumping across the U.S. Accompanied by his wife and an entourage of eleven Nicaraguan officials and ten Secret Service men, Ortega was attempting to woo Americans away from President Reagan's anti-Sandinista stance.

To soften the *comandante's* stern image, Nicaragua's New York-based public affairs consultant coaxed Ortega out of his customary green fatigues and into preppy tweeds. The revolutionary leader wowed Manhattan intellectuals at the august New York Athletic Club, elicited impassioned shouts from students at Harvard, was feted by civil rights leaders in Atlanta and was lionized by screen stars at a Beverly Hills lawn party. An internal Sandinista memo brazenly stated the visitor's goal as "literally invading the U.S. media."



Ortega at Harvard

BATTLEFRONTS

Big Splash over a Small Pool

Ever since reporters were barred from the Grenada invasion a year ago, the press and the Pentagon have been struggling to devise methods for future combat coverage. The Defense Department decided to designate a "war pool" of reporters to cover the initial stages of a military action and share notes and pictures with colleagues. Last week, however, another skirmish broke out when the composition of the eleven-member pool was announced: four network correspondents, a two-man camera crew, two wire-service reporters, a newsmagazine correspondent, a ra-

dio broadcaster and a photographer. Notably missing: a daily newspaper reporter.

"This reveals the Administration to be out of touch with journalism, reality and the First Amendment," said New York Times Chairman Arthur Ochs Sulzberger. The Pentagon stressed that wire services were supposed to provide coverage for the papers. But the brass soon beat a tactical retreat, adding a newspaper reporter to the list. The sticky question of which paper would be designated was left to the American Newspaper Publishers Association, which vaguely promised to "consult" with its members.

TELEVISION

Copy-Cat Crimes of the Heart

Television movies rarely win both high ratings and critical acclaim, but NBC's *The Burning Bed* managed to do so last week. Starring Farrah Fawcett, the gritty film was based on a 1977 case in which a battered Michigan housewife set her sleeping husband on fire but was acquitted of murder by a jury. During the program, some stations flashed telephone numbers of local shelters and hot lines for battered women. Thousands of viewers called in: abused wives seeking relief and, in some cases, battering husbands seeking counseling.

Unfortunately, a few reactions were horrifyingly different. Less than an hour after watching the show in Milwaukee, Joseph Brandt doused his estranged wife with gasoline as she returned home from work and set her aflame. Their two sons and neighbors got there too late to rescue her; at week's end she was in critical condition and not expected to live. In Columbus, Alondra Thompson, recently released from a private psychiatric hospital, fired three bullets into her sleeping boyfriend, critically wounding him. She too told the police that *The Burning Bed* had inspired her act. Nevertheless, most experts absolved the show, arguing that Brandt and Thompson might have attacked their mates anyway. Said UCLA Psychiatrist Louis J. West: "Millions of people saw it, and they didn't burn their spouses."



Brandt in custody

ECCENTRICS

And If Elected . . .

They are an eclectic lot, but they have one thing in common: all 225 are registered with the Federal Election Commission as candidates in the 1984 presidential campaign. Some of the more ambitious traveled to the State University of New York campus at Stony Brook to attend the Alternative Presidential Convention '84.

Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale were among those invited who forgot to RSVP, but nobody seemed to miss them. Pete Swider, from Hamtramck, Mich., vowed to eliminate crime by issuing federal credit cards to all 18- to 21-year-olds. Wearing a blue velour jogging suit and a gold feather headdress, Chief Rufus Thunderberg, a self-proclaimed Indian leader from Connecticut, worried about an imminent energy crisis. His solution: emergency methane production. Instead of distributing surplus cheese to the hungry, the Administration, according to Thunderberg, should provide baked beans. William Allen Camps warned that an enemy power has been tampering with the weather to cut off the U.S. food supply. One reassuring note was sounded by Larry Harmon, a.k.a. Bozo the Clown. Immediately after his inauguration, he said, he would go to Moscow fully dressed as Bozo and wheedle Soviet Leader Konstantin Chernenko into a nuclear freeze. Or Tasse-Freeze. Or whatever.

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BRITAIN

The Target: Thatcher

I.R.A. terrorists try to wipe out the government in a savage hotel bombing

Many of those still awake in Brighton in the early hours of last Friday were looking forward to Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's address that day before delegates attending the ruling Conservative Party's four-day annual conference. The Prime Minister, 13 of her 20-member Cabinet and many of her senior advisers were staying at Brighton's venerable Grand Hotel, a 120-year-old neo-Regency-style building on the seafront. She had just put the finishing touches on her speech when, at 2:54 a.m., the night's silence was shattered by a thundering explosion. A powerful bomb had detonated four floors above the cluster of suites occupied by the Prime Minister and some of her colleagues, blowing out a 30-ft.-deep and 15-ft.-wide section of the nine-story building's facade, spraying broken glass and chunks of concrete through the halls and onto the street.

The gap extended from the roof to the fifth story. Tons of plaster, flooring and furniture crashed from floor to floor, finally destroying the Grand's elegant foyer, where Tory leaders had gathered only hours earlier. Thatcher's suite, located only 30 ft. below the source of the blast, was badly damaged; its bathroom was totally demolished. Miraculously, the Prime Minister was unhurt. "This conference will go on as usual," she declared firmly as she emerged from the wreckage, accompanied by her husband, Denis. Thatcher was fully dressed and even wearing earrings. "We were very lucky," she said. Not for nothing is she known in Britain as the Iron Lady.

Others were not so fortunate. Four were killed, and at least 34 were injured. Among the dead were Sir Anthony Berry, a former Tory deputy chief whip; Eric Taylor, chairman of the Northwest Area Conservative Association; and Mrs. John Wakeham, wife of the chief whip. Wakeham himself was injured, as were Alfred Parsons, the Australian High Commissioner to Britain, and Norman Tebbit, Thatcher's Trade and Industry Secretary. Wakeham lay buried for nearly seven hours before being rescued. Tebbit, who subsequently underwent exploratory surgery to determine the extent of his severe chest injuries, spent four hours under the rubble.

About nine hours after the blast, the Irish Republican Army claimed responsibility. In a telephone call to the Irish state radio in Dublin, the group asserted that it had set off a gelignite bomb in an attempt to kill "the British Cabinet and the Tory warmongers." The I.R.A. promised more violence in the future. "Thatcher will now

fishing near his summer home on Ireland's northwest coast in 1979. A dual attack in the heart of London on July 20, 1982, killed four troopers of the Queen's Household Cavalry in Hyde Park together with seven horses, and seven members of the Royal Green Jackets Band in Regent's Park. Exactly one week before Christmas last year, a car bomb went off outside Harrods department store in London, killing six people and wounding 94.

The scene in the hours immediately following the Brighton blast was one of devastation. As Thatcher and her husband were taken to the safety of a police station, the residents of a nearby hotel, including Charles H. Price II, the U.S. Ambassador to Britain, were evacuated for fear of a second attack. Working with the help of television lights and from time to time calling for quiet so they could hear cries for help, rescue workers used axes to chop through the debris and brought in a crane to reach those trapped on high floors. Shocked delegates wandered along Brighton's seafront promenade in their nightclothes, while disheveled Cabinet ministers worried about losing government papers. Lord Gowrie, Minister for the Arts, dragged canvas deck chairs from the beach for use as makeshift stretchers. Education Secretary Sir Keith Joseph, in pajamas and silk robe, sat on his dispatch case by the shore.

Thatcher had a narrow escape.

A Special Branch officer on the security detail in her hotel said she had left her bathroom two minutes before it was destroyed by the blast. Tory Party Chairman John Selwyn Gummer also had a close call. "I was just outside [Thatcher's] suite when I was thrown backward by the force of the explosion," he recalled. "The Prime Minister came through the door and the first thing she said was 'Is there anything I can do to help?' She was totally calm and looked very angry."

Police immediately began an investigation into the bombing and the apparent failure of security measures. An antiterrorist squad expertly announced that the bomb had probably weighed 20 lbs., not 100 lbs.

The shattered front of the 120-year-old Grand Hotel in Brighton, hours after a bomb exploded barely 30 ft. above the Prime Minister's suite



Shaken but unbowed, she addresses the Tory conference.

realize," it said, "that Britain cannot occupy our country, torture our prisoners and shoot our people in their own streets and get away with it. Today we were unlucky. But remember, we have only to be lucky once. You will have to be lucky always."

It was the boldest and most outrageous strike ever against public officials in Britain. The I.R.A. had in effect tried to destroy the entire British government. The attack, moreover, was but the latest in a twelve-year wave that has killed more than 80 people and injured about 1,000 others. Until last week, the most prominent target had been Lord Louis Mountbatten, one of the nation's most distinguished elder citizens and a cousin of the Queen, who died when an I.R.A. bomb blew up the boat on which he was



World

as claimed by the I.R.A., and that it was triggered by a timing device. "A very small amount of explosive," said Sussex Chief Constable Roger Birch, "can do a great deal of damage."

As the inquiry got under way, immediate questions arose as to how tight security had been at the hotel. Journalists reported they were able to enter without having their briefcases examined. Some government officials believe the bombers walked into the hotel openly, with stolen passes, blending in with delegates and party officials. At week's end, however, a Scotland Yard expert disclosed that the bomb was a highly sophisticated device that could have been planted weeks ago in the floorboards of the sixth-floor room.

The attack triggered a wave of anger and revulsion. Queen Elizabeth II, in Kentucky on a private tour of U.S. horse-breeding farms, was "shocked and horrified." President Reagan telephoned Thatcher her condolences, and French President François Mitterrand also sent a message of sympathy. In Dublin, Irish Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald declared, "When something like this happens, the Irish people set aside all feelings of ideology or political conviction or inherited resentment and share unreservedly in the trauma of our British neighbors... The will of the people, not that of the evil bombers, will prevail and endure."

Another strong condemnation came from Thatcher's opponent in the House of Commons. "Horrified and outraged," said Labor Party Leader Neil Kinnock in a message to the Tory conference. "I hear that you are carrying on with your normal engagements. That is good. It is the way that we must respond to such vile acts in this democracy."

The attack gave Thatcher a measure of relief from grumbling within her own party. All week she had been subjected to a barrage of criticism over Britain's record 13.6% unemployment as well as her

handling of the violence-ridden coal miners' strike, which has caused deep divisions within the country. Arriving at the Friday session, she was greeted with enthusiasm by the 4,000 delegates, who waved Union Jacks and homemade signs declaring LONG LIVE MAGGIE and MAGGIE, WE LOVE YOU.

Thatcher's speech was blunt. She denounced the bombing as "the work of evil men." The attack, she continued, "was an attempt not only to disrupt and terminate our conference, it was an attempt to cripple Her Majesty's democratically elected government. All attempts to destroy democracy by terrorism will fail. It must be business as usual."

With that Thatcher launched into one of her most forceful talks ever. Obviously fighting a cold, her eyes red with fatigue, the Prime Minister slammed into the Labor opposition's antinuclear defense policies and defended her own support for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the deployment of U.S. missiles in Western Europe. She declared, "This party is pro-American."

Underlining her continued opposition to the miners' strike, she warned of the "emergence of an organized revolutionary minority." She called unemployment "the scourge of our times" and expressed sympathy for those caught in "this tragic problem." Indirectly, Thatcher was responding to some harsh criticism voiced four days earlier by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Robert Runcie. In an interview with the London *Times*, he warned of "a movement from consensus to confrontation." The Archbishop had spoken of "an awful cancer of violence" in a society where "things matter more than people." He demanded "leadership that will unite and not divide the nation."

At the end of her 40-min. address, Thatcher received eight minutes of thunderous applause and the traditional three cheers, a testament to her coolness in the aftermath of the terrorist assault. Apparently the magic of what pundits quickly dubbed the "Brighton factor" had already begun to boost her fortunes. Even before Britons rallied around the Prime Minister following the hotel blast, there seemed to be little reason for her to change course. Thatcher does not have to call an election until 1988, and, despite the sharp criticism of the style and substance of her policies at Brighton, she remains firmly in control of her party.

In a matter of hours, the attack seemed to lift Thatcher from a Prime Minister on the defensive to one suddenly triumphant, an embattled leader with whom the public could easily identify. "The battle is between the extremists and the rest of us," she declared. "The government will not weaken. This nation will meet the challenge. Democracy will prevail."

—By Jay D. Palmer. Reported by Bonnie Angelo and Frank Melville/Brighton



Firemen clear debris near Thatcher rooms



Rescuers remove industry secretary Tebbit, above, and another victim from rubble





Offering a "new reality": Duarte making his surprise announcement at the United Nations

CENTRAL AMERICA

Appointment in La Palma

With a bold offer, Duarte reaches out to El Salvador's rebels

The stratagem was risky, audacious—and brilliant in its simplicity. In a few sentences uttered before the United Nations General Assembly in New York City last week, Salvadoran President José Napoleón Duarte pierced the psychological curtain that has divided his nation through nearly five years of civil war. During a 55-min. address, the stocky, dynamic Christian Democrat announced that he would travel unarmed to meet with his Marxist-Leninist foes, the guerrilla commanders of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.). At the meeting, he said, he would discuss the incorporation of the insurgents "into the process of democracy, and the preparation in an atmosphere of freedom for the next popular election."

Duarte set a time and a place for the encounter: Monday, Oct. 15 at 10 a.m., in the town of La Palma (pop. 3,000), 50 miles from San Salvador, the capital. His choice of the site was also courageous: the area around La Palma has long been a guerrilla hotbed. Indeed, in the days following Duarte's proposal, young guerrillas armed with M-16 rifles and hand grenades openly strolled the village streets.

Nonetheless, Duarte intended to drive up the rutted highway to La Palma, accompanied at most by a small contingent of aides, in his cocoa brown Jeep Cherokee. Even though his meeting might end in complete deadlock, El Salvador's first freely elected civilian President in 50 years was confident, as he told the U.N., that he could present the guerrillas with a "new reality." Said Duarte: "The Salvadoran people now have no doubt that subversive violence has lost its mystique and reason for existence." He backed his assertion with the offer of an amnesty if the guerrillas agreed to lay down their arms and join the democratic process.

Duarte's move was hailed by Bishop Marco René Revalo Contreras, president of the Salvadoran Episcopal Conference, as "a decisive moment that could permit a suspension of the bloodbath in our country." Said Mark Falcoff, a resident fellow at the Washington-based American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research: "Duarte is showing a kind of brilliance and political imagination that U.S. Presidents sometimes lack."

Duarte's proposal does not alter his oft-stated insistence that the guerrillas would not be allowed to shoot their way into power. Instead, he said, they would have a chance to compete in nationwide municipal and legislative elections scheduled for March 1985. Nor did the President mention the reorganization of the 41,000-member Salvadoran army that the insurgents have long demanded. By calling for a face-to-face meeting with the guerrilla *comandantes* rather than with

their civilian spokesmen (see chart), Duarte was showing that he truly wanted to get to the heart of the insurgency.

His offer caught the F.M.L.N. commanders by surprise. They hesitated until the next day before accepting the invitation, which they did on the condition that all guerrilla and government forces be evacuated from a zone six miles around La Palma. Duarte agreed. At week's end the guerrillas had not yet named their representatives to the meeting and were complaining about a lack of specific security and logistical preparation. In Panama, Guerrilla Spokesman Rubén Zamora tried to broaden the agenda for the talks by declaring that the aim should be "dialogue, peace, democracy and social justice." Duarte stuck to his declared intentions. Nonetheless, he accepted a guerrilla request that a senior Salvadoran army officer be present at La Palma: General Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova, the Defense Minister, will accompany Duarte, as will Archbishop Arturo Rivera y Damas. The President rejected the rebel suggestion that foreign intermediaries be used in arranging the final details of the meeting. Radio stations broadcast invitations to Duarte's civilian supporters to show up at the talks and cheer on the presidential effort.

The Reagan Administration was almost as surprised by Duarte's maneuver as were the guerrillas, but soon made its feelings known. As Secretary of State George Shultz began a three-day tour of Latin America, he called the move a "bold and strong and imaginative stroke." Later that day, after a three-hour meeting with Duarte at the presidential palace in San Salvador, Shultz emphasized the Administration's "strong support" for the "move toward peace." President Reagan hailed the Salvadoran leader's offer as "an act of statesmanship." Then he wished that the revolutionary Sandinista government of neighboring Nicaragua would show the same willingness to negotiate with the U.S.-backed *contra* rebels who are fighting a guerrilla war along Nicaragua's borders.

That comparison was unavoidable.



Accepting with wary enthusiasm: guerrillas standing in formation in La Palma, 1983
After a brief hesitation, agreement to attend the meeting, but with a few conditions.

World

and indeed, Duarte's action foreshadowed another twist in the Central American diplomatic kaleidoscope. At the U.N., Honduran Foreign Minister Edgardo Paz Barnica offered a surprise proposal of his own, this one aimed at breaking the diplomatic logjam that has developed over the draft of a five-nation peace treaty for the region, the so-called Contadora Act. Paz Barnica invited representatives of the four other principals in the treaty negotiations (Costa Rica, Nicaragua, El Salvador and

tained Nicaraguan drive to have the Contadora draft treaty accepted without further alterations. Later, Paz Barnica and Costa Rican Foreign Minister Carlos José Gutiérrez supported Washington's view that the draft treaty is unacceptably vague. As currently written, the document calls for an end to the region's arms race, control and reduction of current arsenals and the eventual elimination of foreign military advisers. U.S. diplomats fear it would require Washington to halt mili-

tionary Front. The idea was for the two men to hold private talks either before or after the televised face-off. The debate was scheduled for Oct. 12, then delayed for a month. Two weeks ago, Duarte decided to fill in for Foreign Minister Jorge Eduardo Tenorio as his country's chief representative at the U.N. General Assembly's opening session. Most of the President's inner circle of advisers were taken aback by the idea. Trusting his instincts, Duarte nonetheless prevailed.

Meanwhile, the Salvadoran government had engaged in a number of prisoner exchanges with the rebels. The two sides last month carried out the most complex trade of the war. The government allowed 60 captured F.M.L.N. fighters to go to Mexico, in return for 16 Salvadoran army officers who were being held by the guerrillas.

In the final hours before his departure for the U.S. on Oct. 6, Duarte briefed key officials in his government and in the political opposition about his intentions. Working in his home in a prosperous suburb of San Salvador, Duarte finished polishing his U.N. speech at 3 a.m. on the day before its delivery. Then, as he related last week, "I called the Minister of Defense at 7 a.m. to come to my house so he could read it. We informed all the sectors of the military, all the political parties and the members of the Cabinet."

One important payoff for Duarte's meticulous groundwork was the reaction of rightist politicians and conservative businessmen in San Salvador. Declared the powerful National Association of Private Enterprise, a group that had long opposed Duarte's left-of-center economic policies: "If the Salvadoran terrorists lay down their arms and work in peace toward their objectives, they are welcome to work shoulder-to-shoulder in the country's electoral process."

What little harsh reaction there was came mostly from Roberto d'Aubuisson, head of the ultrarightist Nationalist Republican Alliance and Duarte's bitter opponent in the March presidential elections. D'Aubuisson denounced the gesture as "a political show, a farce." He later adopted a more conciliatory posture after his vice-presidential running mate, Hugo Barrera, endorsed Duarte's notion of talks with the guerrillas and asked only that the President spell out "clear, definite and concrete means" toward a solution to the civil war. The right's quiet response was a sign of another Duarte triumph: during his four-month tenure, the President has managed to reassure most of his conservative critics of his essentially moderate views.

Another factor that undoubtedly tipped the domestic scales in favor of Duarte's offer has been the Salvadoran army's prosecution of the war. Schooled by U.S. military instructors in aggressive patrolling tactics and re-equipped with more than \$130 million in U.S. aid ap-

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE REBELS

MILITARY

FARABUNDO MARTI NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT (F.M.L.N.)

Umbrella body for five Marxist guerrilla groups

UNIFIED REVOLUTIONARY DIRECTORATE

15-member war council of guerrilla commanders

GUERRILLA GROUPS . . .

► People's Revolutionary Army (E.R.P.) — 4,000 members headed by Jesuquin Villalobos

► Popular Liberation Forces (F.P.L.) — 3,000 members headed by Leonel González

► Armed Forces of National Resistance (F.A.R.N.) — 2,000 members headed by Eduardo Sancho Castañeda

► Armed Forces of Liberation/Salvadoran Communist Party — 1,500 members headed by Shafiq Jorge Handal

► Central American Workers' Revolutionary Party (P.R.T.C.) — 300 members headed by Roberto Roca

POLITICAL

DEMOCRATIC REVOLUTIONARY FRONT (F.D.R.)

Amalgam of revolutionaries and left-wing opposition parties

DIPLOMATIC COMMISSION

Mouthpiece for international negotiations and propaganda

. . . AND THEIR POLITICAL ARMS

► February 28 Popular Leagues

► Popular Revolutionary Bloc

► Unified Popular Action Front

► Nationalist Democratic Union

► Popular Liberation Movement

► Popular Social Christian Movement — founded by Rubén Zamora

► National Revolutionary Movement — headed by Guillermo Manuel Ungo

TIME Chart



Guerrilla Spokesmen Zamora and Ungo

Guatemala) to meet in the Honduran capital of Tegucigalpa, or any other mutually acceptable place, this Friday. There, he said, they could work out details of the draft treaty, which calls for arms reductions, a nonaggression agreement and a commitment to democracy. Costa Rica, El Salvador and Guatemala quickly accepted the Honduran proposal. At week's end Nicaragua's Sandinista government was still weighing its response.

The Honduran proposal, speedily endorsed by the U.S., ran counter to a sus-

tained Nicaraguan drive to have the Contadora draft treaty accepted without further alterations. Later, Paz Barnica and Costa Rican Foreign Minister Carlos José Gutiérrez supported Washington's view that the draft treaty is unacceptably vague. As currently written, the document calls for an end to the region's arms race, control and reduction of current arsenals and the eventual elimination of foreign military advisers. U.S. diplomats fear it would require Washington to halt mili-

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World

PANAMA

Dark Clouds, Bright Beginnings

Peril and promise face a newly inaugurated President

proved by Congress after Duarte's election, the military appears to have taken the initiative from the F.M.L.N. So far, a much feared autumn offensive by the rebels has failed to materialize. Almost daily, Salvadoran newspapers carry reports of defections by the insurgents or of arms caches turned up during army sweeps in the countryside. Complains an F.M.L.N. official in Mexico City: "Many of our fighters have to go into combat barefoot." Guerrilla spokesmen also charge that government air and artillery attacks against rebel-held areas have eroded their civilian support, often at a heavy cost in human life. Nonetheless, U.S. and Salvadoran intelligence have monitored more than 100 reports of guerrilla movements since Duarte's U.N. speech, a possible indication that the F.M.L.N. was gearing up for action.

Privately, the guerrillas concede that the success of El Salvador's presidential balloting last March came as a heavy blow to them. As U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Thomas Pickering puts it, "Since the presidential election, the guerrillas have really seen the political sand wash out from under them." Confidence in Duarte's political legitimacy, in short, provided the most important underpinning for his peace offer.

As the appointed hour for the historic meeting loomed, journalists began trickling into La Palma, which is known for its gaily painted craftware, and was once a sizable focus of tourism. The tourists have long since disappeared. Instead, local women selling fruits, fried bananas and *pupusas* (stuffed pancakes) share the streets with heavily armed men and women wearing combat fatigues. The mood among the guerrillas in La Palma ranged from wary enthusiasm to relief as they contemplated Duarte's arrival. "We feel great joy," said a dark-haired, 25-year-old known as Will, a veteran of the F.M.L.N. faction called the Popular Liberation Forces. Peace talks, he said, had been his organization's goal all along. A block away, a young man in a black beret twirled a yellow yo-yo over the rifle in his lap. Said he: "If the government is only trying to play a political game with us, then the war will have to continue."

Among La Palma's ordinary citizens, who have passively suffered the effects of strife for years, the feeling was more of resigned optimism. Mayor Guadalupe Sola, like Duarte a Christian Democrat, called it "an honor" that the town had been selected as the site for the talks. Said he: "It may not be the solution, but it is the first positive movement." The Rev. Rufino Bugitti, the town's Franciscan priest, scheduled a 5 p.m. Mass for the day before Duarte's scheduled arrival. For once, there seemed to be a chance that Salvadoran prayers for peace might be answered.

—By George Russell.

Reported by Ricardo Chavira/San Salvador and J.T. Johnson/La Palma

As thousands of cheering spectators crowded outside Panama City's Atlapa convention center, and dozens of dignitaries from the U.S., Western Europe and Latin America smiled approvingly inside the hall, Nicolas (Nick) Arditio Barletta was installed as Panama's 21st President. Secretary of State George Shultz, on the second stop of his Central American tour, hailed the new leader as "a longtime and respected friend," and the swearing in as "a new opportunity for progress." That it was: Arditio Barletta's inauguration marked Panama's return to



Arditio Barletta after his swearing in

An undercurrent of restlessness.

civilian government after 16 years of direct and indirect military rule.

Despite the day's display of high spirits, however, there is an undercurrent of restlessness in the traditionally volatile country. Unless Arditio Barletta can somehow subdue it, that sour mood could undermine his new presidency. Said General Manuel Antonio Noriega, the powerful head of Panama's 14,000-member National Defense Forces: "I see very big and dark clouds on the horizon."

One cloud appeared the day before the inauguration ceremony about 1,000 demonstrators chanting "Fraud! Fraud!" staged a late-night protest in Panama City's Cathedral Plaza. The demonstrators were backers of Arditio Barletta's venerable populist rival in last May's presidential election, Arnulfo Arias Madrid, 83. Arias lost the election by a mere 1,713 of the 640,000 votes cast, prompting widespread accusations of fraud. Said Winston Robles, editor of the opposition daily *La Prensa*: "The main problem for Nicky is one of legitimacy."

That issue has plagued Arditio Barletta's candidacy from the beginning. A slender, bespectacled former Panamanian Planning Minister and vice president of the World Bank, he was picked as a presidential nominee by Panama's military chieftains, led by Noriega, shortly before their constitutionally mandated "retreat" from politics this year. Arditio Barletta's ascendancy is resented even by some members of his Revolutionary Democratic Party. Nonetheless, he has achieved grudging acceptance, largely because of fear that the military may decide to retake power.

Another cloud on the horizon is the economy. Industrial output is stagnant. Unemployment hovers around 14% nationwide and runs as high as 40% in some places. Foreign debt has risen to \$3.4 billion, and export revenues (primarily from bananas, shrimp and light manufacturing) are falling. Panama is not benefiting much from the country's famous waterway, which was transferred to joint U.S.-Panamanian administration under the 1977 Panama Canal treaties. The Big Ditch, historically a not-for-profit concern, last year showed an operating loss of \$4 million, reflecting a worldwide shipping slump. One of Arditio Barletta's first unpleasant chores will be a round of belt tightening prescribed by the International Monetary Fund. The measures include a removal of food subsidies, which will send prices skyward and may provoke further street disturbances.

Arditio Barletta's advantage may be that the restless mood in Panama also extends to the military. Many junior officers are said to be upset by the corruption endemic in the upper ranks. The pecculation stems from military involvement in everything from Panama's legalized gambling to kickbacks involving government agencies. Thus some Panamanians feel that Arditio Barletta might be able to counter the inevitable loss of popular support during his austerity drive by launching an anticorruption campaign.

But for the moment, the President seems intent on proceeding cautiously. Just before his inauguration, Arditio Barletta told *TIME* that he intends to form a government of "national conciliation" including opposition members. He hopes to stimulate economic growth by offering incentives to Panamanian businesses and to foreign investors. The new President also insists that he will punish corrupt public officials, whatever their rank. Says he: "The first year will be difficult because it will require a change in attitudes: a lot of honesty with the people and a good deal of participation by everyone." And, perhaps, considerable luck. ■

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World

THE PHILIPPINES

The Heart of the Matter

A report accuses the military in Aquino's murder

For more than 400 days, the Philippines had been on edge, waiting for what could be a major turning point in its political history. The Agrava board, a fact-finding body set up by President Ferdinand Marcos to investigate the Aug. 21, 1983, assassination of Opposition Leader Benigno Aquino within moments of his return from exile, had promised to publish the results of its hearings by the anniversary of the murder. But that day passed, and so did that week. Another week went by, then a month. Questions snowballed. Tensions mounted. A steady trickle of leaks—some careless, some calculated—punctured the official silence.

Eager not to appear perfunctory or precipitate, the board delayed still further. Seven weeks after its initial deadline, the report remained unpublished.

Last week of all emerged. The 479-page memorandum of the board's legal staff, on which the final report will be based, was shown to several foreign news organizations, including TIME. The memo's conclusion was devastating: Aquino was not killed by Rolando Galman, the lone hit man whom the military accused of shooting Aquino and

just seconds after the opposition leader. Instead, the murderer was one of two unnamed soldiers who escorted Aquino off China Airlines Flight 811 and down a metal stairway to the tarmac at Manila International Airport. The legal panel's report recommended that one civilian and as many as 22 officers, three of them generals, be put on trial for conspiring, or acting as accessories to a conspiracy, to murder Aquino. In all, the memo highlighted "at least 40 circumstances which prove beyond doubt" the existence of a plot.

According to sources on the board and among its legal staff, all five members of the Agrava board have accepted the memorandum's main conclusion, but they remain passionately divided over one critical point. Four of the members, along with the board's general counsel, Andres Narvasa, were said to maintain that Chief of Staff General Fabian Ver was involved in at least the cover-up. For that reason, they apparently believe that Ver should be charged as an accessory in a report that should raise serious questions about

his deeper participation. But Corazon Agrava, the board's chairman, reportedly refused to accept that the second most powerful man in the Philippines was implicated.

In impugning the military, the mainstay of Marcos' power for more than a decade, the memorandum deals a powerful blow to a regime that is already embattled. Indeed, the shot that killed Aquino badly wounded the Marcos government. Hundreds of thousands of Filipinos, silent during twelve years of martial law, began taking to the streets last year to call for an end to the President's autocratic rule. Around the country, meanwhile, the

sassin. Then his colleagues began firing too. Tapes, however, revealed that De Guzman's testimony took no account at all of an opening flurry of five shots, which was followed, after 17 sec. of silence, by a second fusillade. Meanwhile, photographs showed "positively, unerringly and incontrovertibly" that there was no movement whatsoever in or around the van during the opening five-shot salvo. In short, the memo concluded, De Guzman's account, which was corroborated by 13 other soldiers under oath, was "nothing but a tall tale, a fabrication from beginning to end."

The holes in the military version were further exposed by the testimony of nine civilian witnesses. Especially telling was the account secretly relayed to the board last July by Celso Loterina, a Philippine Airlines ground engineer who had been standing near the nose of the China Airlines jet. During the critical seconds, said Loterina, he heard the sound of running feet on the metal stairway and looked up to see Aquino about four steps from the bottom. At that moment, he saw a hand appear behind the opposition leader and fire a bullet into the back of his head.

Although Loterina was unable to see the rest of the assassin, his account agreed with the testimony of eight other civilians who placed Aquino and Galman in the wrong places at the wrong times for Galman to

have shot the former Senator. "These witnesses had no reason to lie," said the memo. "If at all, they should normally have testified for the military version. After all, they could expect some form of retaliation if they wronged the soldiers with whom they were in daily contact."

The central and most sensitive point for the board is the involvement of General Ver in the conspiracy. When he took the witness stand in April, Ver admitted under questioning by General Counsel Narvasa that the intelligence community was kept regularly informed of Aquino's activities in the U.S. Did that mean Narvasa asked, that as soon as Aquino left his home in Boston on Aug. 13 en route for the Philippines, the authorities made every effort to keep track of his movements? No, said the general. But what of the cables from Philippine officials abroad describing Aquino's stops in Singapore and Taipei? Those, said Ver, were received by the intelligence authorities but were never requested. At least the general knew when the former Senator was due to arrive in Manila? No, replied Ver, his only



Marcos, top, and Agrava; bodies of Galman and Aquino on tarmac after 1983 shooting

Ostensibly planning to protect the exile, the military allegedly plotted to kill him.

10,000 guerrillas of the Communist New People's Army have continued to gain momentum in their 16-year struggle against the central government. That political instability has compounded economic uncertainty, and vice versa. Already the nation is burdened with a foreign debt of at least \$26 billion. Last month a U.S. Senate staff report declared that many Filipinos take it as a "foregone conclusion that the Marcos era is in its terminal stage."

The Agrava board's legal staff based its argument in large part on the startling discrepancies between shards of evidence—mostly photographs, audio recordings and videotapes made on the fateful afternoon—and the well-rehearsed military account, recited by a parade of soldiers both on and off the witness stand. Last November, for example, a military sharpshooter named Rolando De Guzman testified that while sitting with a SWAT team in a parked van on the tarmac, he saw Galman shoot Aquino near by. Instantly, said De Guzman, he pumped seven bullets into the alleged as-

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information was a letter from Opposition Leader Salvador Laurel requesting special security for a Japan Air Lines flight from Tokyo on Aug. 21.

That the Chief of Staff should have no intelligence of his own and, what is more, that he should depend on information from one of the government's most distrusted opponents sorely strained the board's credibility. Concluded the memo categorically: "Ver certainly knew Aquino was coming on board China Airlines."

Such hard-hitting argumentation did not endear the so-called Agravators to the government. A few days before Narvasa's polite but penetrating cross-examination of Ver, the President tried to strip the general counsel of his responsibilities. The board refused to go along. Twice Judge Manuel Lazaro, Marcos' chief counsel, indirectly contacted one of the investigators, presumably hoping to coax, cajole or coerce him into becoming more agreeable to the government position. In recent weeks, several people close to the inquiry were approached by high-ranking friends who suggested, with elaborate indirectness, that the Marcos administration would be most grateful if the board delayed publication of its report until November. By then, it was assumed, the International Monetary Fund would have okayed (as, indeed, it apparently did late last week) a \$630 million credit package that the government desperately needs. "I hate it when they think they can put something over on us," said a member of the legal panel at one point. "We wanted to be able to say after the report that we did not miss a trick."

The exact substance of the final Agrava report remains unclear. The divide board may succeed in thrashing out a compromise conclusion that satisfies all members. The board may present a report along the lines of the legal panel's memo, to which Agrava, if she continues to disagree, could append a minority opinion. The commission may simply decide to issue two documents that present conflicting views on how high up in the military hierarchy the conspiracy reaches.

The response that counts, however, will be the one that comes from the President. Marcos publicly declared last month that he would honor the commission's findings. But many of his 54.5 million people, familiar with his skills as a political quick-change artist, fear that Marcos may yet think up some way of defusing or deflecting the report. On the eve of his death, Aquino acknowledged of his archival, "Marcos is the only man who can return democracy peacefully." The Agrava board's explosive findings may succeed in putting the late Senator's hope to the test. —By Pico Iyer. Reported by Sandra Burton/Manila



President Reagan meets in the Oval Office with the visiting Israeli Prime Minister

DIPLMACY

Mr. Peres Goes to Washington

Where he finds a "true friend" in the Rose Garden

"Basically, people look to politics for drama, for a kill, for a bullfight," Shimon Peres once observed during his long years as Israel's opposition leader. "I'm not sure my temperament or my conscience is made for that." Last week, having finally made it to the center of the ring, Israel's new Prime Minister was working hard to deal with his country's pressing economic and military problems. During a whirlwind trip to Washington, undertaken only three weeks after he became the leader of Israel's government of national unity, Peres visited President Reagan and other Administration and congressional leaders, and was cheered by what he found.

Though the Prime Minister had insisted that he was not going to the U.S. with "a shopping basket or a beggar's pack," it was obvious that his country was in desperate need of assistance. Inflation is running at almost 500%, and foreign reserves are dangerously low. Accordingly, a sympathetic President Reagan promised Peres that the U.S. would accelerate the delivery of this year's \$1.2 billion in economic aid, paying the entire sum immediately instead of stretching it out through the usual quarterly installments. That will raise Israel's reserves to nearly \$3 billion, thereby reducing fears in financial circles that the country has become a serious lending risk.

In addition, Reagan and Peres announced the formation of a special committee made up of government and business leaders from their countries to find ways of directing future U.S. aid toward bringing about a long-range Israeli economic recovery, with emphasis on the development of high-technology industries. The two leaders reaffirmed their intention to establish a "free trade zone" between the U.S. and Israel, a plan that the

U.S. Congress has also approved. This, Peres hopes, will boost Israel's annual export earnings from \$11 billion to \$19 billion by 1989. The device is politically ingenious: it allows Reagan to help Israel immediately without simultaneously adding to the burgeoning federal deficit.

Both men were lavish in their mutual praise. Emerging on the portico facing the Rose Garden, a beaming Reagan declared, "Our ties remain unbreakable." He said that in the short time Peres has been in office he has taken "bold and wide-ranging steps" to improve the over-heated Israeli economy. Those steps include a cut of \$1 billion from Israel's \$23 billion budget, a ban on the import of luxury goods like cars and major appliances, and a clampdown on the amount of money Israelis may spend abroad (from \$2,000 to \$1,000). Replied Peres: "I found in the White House a true friend of Israel. We are determined to face our economic problems head-on." He added that the American friendship was "a source of strength and inspiration to me."

The visit had political benefits for the two leaders. It demonstrated to Peres' countrymen that the U.S. is prepared to deal with their new Prime Minister. For Reagan, it strengthened his reputation as a friend of Israel. In fact, there were reports that it was the White House staff, not the Israelis, who had insisted that the visit be held at this crucial pre-election moment.

Peres also met with Secretary of State George Shultz, Presidential Candidate Walter Mondale, congressional leaders and representatives of the business community and the press. He repeated his government's determination to "bring our boys home" from southern Lebanon, probably within six to nine months, but only under conditions that would assure the security of northern Israel. Peres advov-



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World

cated an expansion of the role in southern Lebanon of the United Nations peace-keeping force, whose mandate was renewed by the U.N. Security Council last week. He also said that he wants the region immediately to the north of the Israeli border to be guarded by the South Lebanon Army, the mainly Christian, Israeli-supported militia now headed by General Antoine Lahd. Since the Lebanese government opposes such a role for the Lahd force, Peres suggested that Israel might be content to have the group incorporated into the regular Lebanese Army. The Lebanese government is not very enthusiastic about that idea either, but might accept it as the price of an Israeli withdrawal.

In contrast to the previous Israeli government, which pressed for a simultaneous withdrawal of Israeli and Syrian forces from Lebanon, Peres said he does not expect Syria's 40,000 troops to pull out completely once the Israelis are gone. He did insist that they refrain from expanding their position, while also trying to pre-



Egyptian President Mubarak poses with King Hussein in Amman

vent Palestine Liberation Organization guerrillas from returning to the border region. Said Peres: "We do not look for any favors from the Syrian side. It is up to them to decide whether they want to wake up every morning and find our forces against theirs only 16 miles from Damascus."

As Peres visited Washington and New York City, Egyptian President Hosni Mu-

barak was paying a courtesy call on King Hussein of Jordan to thank him for renewing diplomatic ties with Egypt last month. Like most other Arab states, Jordan broke relations with Cairo in 1979 after the late Anwar Sadat signed a peace treaty with Israel. Since succeeding Sadat in 1981, Mubarak has worked hard to gain Arab approval, giving Iraq strong backing in its war against Iran. Hussein decided to risk the wrath of Syria, Libya and other radical Arab states by restoring Jordan's formal ties with Egypt. His thought is that this may lead Iraq (which in the meantime is rumored to be interested in restoring relations with the U.S. after a 17-year break) to follow suit. Although the cautious Jordanian King's policies are slowly shifting, there was still no sign last week that, as Peres and the U.S. had hoped, Hussein would soon join Egypt, the U.S. and Israel in negotiations toward a Middle East settlement.

—By William E. Smith.
Reported by Marsh Clark with Peres and Barrett Seaman/Washington

"We Spent Too Much"

At lunch with the editors of TIME last week, Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres talked about his country's problems and the policies of his month-old government. Excerpts:

On Lebanon. We want to leave; we never intended to remain there. The problem is to know whether it is possible for the United Nations to enlarge its present force in southern Lebanon in the wake of our withdrawal. And we must discuss with the Lebanese government the necessary measures to secure the safety of the northern part of Israel.

We would expect the Syrians to agree that, following our withdrawal, they will not extend their presence in Lebanon, that they will discourage terrorist activities against Israel and agree to U.N. forces replacing us. If the Syrians do not understand that it is to their advantage for us to withdraw, we will remain where we are. I do not expect the Syrians to withdraw completely, but perhaps partially, because they are trying to control Lebanon, an uncontrollable country. What they are trying to do in Lebanon is to gain leadership in the Arab world, and to show that they have forced us out.

On the Palestine Liberation Organization. If the P.L.O. tries to return to southern Lebanon, we will not wait a second. We shall go back and destroy them. I say that in very sharp language to make our position clear. But the P.L.O. is so divided that the danger is not imminent.

On the possibility of peace talks. If you are asking me if, in spite of all the declarations, some country in addition to Egypt will come into the peace process, the answer is yes. I am optimistic about Jordan. And I think that Israel should do everything possible to prepare the ground for it.

On the Israeli-occupied West Bank. We should not expect a pro-Israeli tendency in the West Bank. We should not look for quislings. That is nonsense. In our three weeks in office, we have responded to some requests. The Arab West Bank-

ers asked if they could build some industries. We said to go ahead. They asked for an increase in the amount of money they can bring in from abroad, so we raised the limit from \$3,500 to \$5,000. They asked to bring in investors. We said fine, provided they are not P.L.O. They complained about censorship; they had a long list of books they wanted to publish. We said to go ahead, so long as they are not about how to make a bomb or a Molotov cocktail.

On Israeli settlements in the West Bank. New settlements can be established only if there is a majority in the Cabinet in favor. We have an inner Cabinet equally divided between the two parties: five from Labor [which opposes new settlements], five from Likud. I do not believe that the Labor members of the Cabinet will depart from their convictions.

On the exchange of territory for peace in the West Bank. A territorial compromise is not a purpose in itself; it is a price. I am basically interested in looking for solutions so that Israel remains what it is and should be, a Jewish democratic state. And if we have to pay that price, we should.

On his talks in Washington. I found friends, not negotiators. I do not think anybody tried to twist my arm. I found an extremely friendly, open-minded group of people, both on Capitol Hill and in the Administration.

On Israel's current needs. We must use more Israeli products. I even if our girls paint themselves with Israeli-made lipstick our boys will still fall in love with them. I guarantee it. We are not a frivolous or corrupt society, we are a fighting democracy. We spent too much on luxuries. I do not deny it. But your support of Israel is not support for a spoiled child. Back in 1974 we got almost the same \$2.6 billion in U.S. aid as in 1984. But over the past decade, the price of a fighter jet has gone from \$4 million to as high as \$40 million. Basically, we seek two things: to re-equip ourselves with the same number of planes and tanks as before; and to restructure our economy toward science-based, high-technology industries, and on that we would like to ask your help. But the time will come when we will no longer have to depend on American support.

World Notes

SOUTH AFRICA

Determined House Guests

Six South African men walked into the British consulate in Durban last month and asked for sanctuary. The men—five Indians and a black—are outspoken opponents of apartheid. South Africa's system of racial separation, and had just received detention-without-trial orders from the Pretoria government. The Durban Six, as they became known, lived in a 24-ft. by 16-ft. office while British and South African officials exchanged impatient diplomatic notes. Negotiations soured when Pretoria refused to hand over four white South Africans due to stand trial in London this month on arms-smuggling charges.

Three of the Durban Six have since turned themselves in to South African authorities. The others have had their requests for sanctuary turned down by the U.S. and Dutch governments. Britain last week asked them to leave the consulate, but insists that they may remain if they wish. Meanwhile, South Africa put the official death toll at 80 in the past two months of unrest in black townships. The government also announced that regular army units will continue to play "a greater supporting role" in troubled areas.



Of the original Durban Six, the three on the left have surrendered

DISPUTES

Splitting the Difference

The nations of the world are mired in roughly 300 maritime boundary disputes, and last week a special panel of the International Court of Justice reduced that number by one. From The Hague, the World Court's headquarters in The Netherlands, the panel announced the settlement of a 20-year-old case between the U.S. and Canada over the Gulf of Maine, which lies between Massachusetts and Nova Scotia. The decision awards the U.S. about two-thirds of the gulf and Canada the rest. The 30,000-sq.-mi. area includes the Georges Bank, one of the world's richest fishing grounds, which may also contain sizable deposits of oil and natural gas.

The U.S. had claimed all of the gulf, on the grounds that Americans had historically dominated fishing in the area and that the adjoining U.S. coastline was longer. Canada wanted half, arguing that it had vital economic interests in the area and that any boundary should be equidistant from the two shores. In essence, the court split the difference. Both countries said that they will abide by the verdict.

THE GULF

Death on the Superstructure

The image was grimly familiar: a fighter flashing across the morning sky over the azure waters of the Persian Gulf and firing an Exocet missile into a neutral ship. After a 22-day lull in the Iran-Iraq tanker war, an Iraqi pilot last week claimed another victim, the 25th of the conflict. *World Knight*, a 258,437-ton tanker owned by Hong Kong Shipping Magnate Sir Y. K. Pao, was bound for Kharg Island to pick up Iranian crude oil. Two British officers and four Chinese seamen were killed immediately as the Exocet demolished the ship's aft superstructure. Two

more Chinese and one Indian died later. The toll was the worst from a single hit in the seven-month tanker war.

After the initial attack, Iraqi Ambassador to Great Britain Wahbi Abdul-Razzaq at Qaraghuli was summoned to the Foreign Office and rebuked by British Assistant Under Secretary of State for Middle East Affairs Stephen Egerton. Iraq made no official reply, but Deputy Prime Minister Tariq Aziz asked a gathering at the Foreign Policy Association in New York: "Why do they complain that we have killed their boys? Why did they send their boys in the first place?"

CARIBBEAN

Mission with a Message

Following by air from Spain the approximate route that Explorer Christopher Columbus sailed almost half a millennium ago, Pope John Paul II last week traveled to the Dominican Republic and Puerto Rico. His mission: to launch eight years of "spiritual preparations" to commemorate the Christianization of the Americas that began with Columbus' first voyage to the New World in 1492. The Pontiff used the occasion to issue a thinly veiled denunciation of U.S. and Soviet bloc intrusion in Caribbean and Latin American affairs. He urged listeners to resist "interferences of foreign powers which follow their own economic bloc or ideological interests and reduce peoples to training grounds at the service of their strategies."

John Paul also took aim at the liberation theology movement, a mixture of Christianity and Marxist social activism that has been gaining strength in the region. Among the Pope's complaints about liberation theology is that it tends to pit Roman Catholic laity against the church hierarchy. At his stop in Santo Domingo, the Pontiff warned against "considering the poor as a class in struggle, or as a church separated from communion with and obedience to its pastors."



The Pope in Santo Domingo

JAPAN

Sweet and Deadly

The typewritten letter was neatly addressed to "Moms of the Nation" and signed *Kaijin 21 Menso*, the Man with 21 Faces. The message, sent to Osaka news agencies, warned that 20 packages of Morinaga candy had been laced with deadly sodium cyanide and placed on supermarket shelves. Within days police had scoured stores from Tokyo to cities in western Japan, and found more than a dozen of the lethal packets of Morinaga Choco-Balls and Angel Pie, apparently before anyone was poisoned.

The appearance of the poisoned candy was the latest in a series of extortion attempts aimed at two of Japan's major confectioners, Morinaga & Co., Ltd., and Ezaki Glico Co., Ltd. Katsuhisa Ezaki, Ezaki Glico's president, was kidnapped last March at his home near Osaka. He escaped three days later from an abandoned warehouse. His captors remained at large and announced two months later that they had put poisoned Ezaki Glico products in the nation's supermarkets. No tainted sweets were found, but authorities cleared shelves of all Ezaki Glico candy. The company lost at least \$21 million and was forced to lay off 450 part-time workers. This time the losses could exceed \$30 million.



Checking candy in Osaka

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Space



Astronaut Kathryn Sullivan in the open cargo bay tests a space-based satellite gas pump

"A Fully Mature Spaceplane"

The largest shuttle crew ever weathers a series of glitches

Palm trees were drooping in the heat of the midday sun and alligators snoozing after a breakfast of fish, when the alien bird swooped down from the sky. Roseate spoonbills and wild pigs scattered as it alighted with a gentle *whoosh!* on the 15,000-ft. ribbon of concrete beside the Florida marsh. On two previous missions, Captain Robert Crippen had been scheduled to land the space shuttle at Kennedy Space Center, the launch site, and each time bad weather had diverted the ship to Edwards Air Force Base in California's Mojave Desert. But this time, a looming Hurricane Josephine had cooperated by veering northward, making it possible to touch down in Florida. As the astronauts debarked, a nearby sign announced: WELCOME BACK. THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER AT K.S.C.

For the crew of *Challenger*, it was a peculiarly ambiguous mission, which combined show-stopping successes with exasperating glitches. Mission Specialist Kathryn Sullivan, 33, became the first American woman to walk in space, but her celestial stroll was encumbered with an unscheduled, mundane chore: helping fellow Space Walker and Specialist David Leetsma, 35, fasten a balky antenna atop the shuttle.

Time and again, the astronauts devised ingenious makeshift solutions to overcome gremlins. With nearly all of its objectives accomplished, NASA insists that the shuttle "is now a fully mature spaceplane." That may be an exaggeration, but the 13th shuttle flight, the sixth by *Challenger*, can boast at least one notable achievement. Although Crippen, Sullivan, Leetsma, Jon McBride, Sally Ride, Paul Scully-Power and Marc Garneau of

Canada were crammed into an area the size of a small studio apartment, they made it through eight days without any noticeable clashes or even displays of temper. Marvelled Crippen of the largest space crew ever, "You really can fit seven people in here."

From the moment *Challenger* leaped heavenward on Oct. 5, NASA officials felt unusually optimistic. The turnaround time of five weeks since the last shuttle flight (the maiden voyage of *Discovery*) was the shortest yet and exactly the interval that NASA had set as its long-

term goal. What is more, the lift-off was by far the smoothest in the program, occurring only forty-three thousandths of a second late. "A very spectacular flight," beamed Shuttle Operations Director Thomas Utsman, "a very clean count."

That exuberance was soon dampened, however, when the astronauts had difficulty trying to activate the Earth Radiation Budget Satellite (ERBS). Bearing three scientific instruments, the satellite is designed to measure the amount of energy that bounces from the sun into the earth's atmosphere, where it is swirled about by wind and water and partly tossed back into space. By better understanding the dynamics of solar radiation, scientists hope they may be able to predict world weather patterns more accurately. But when Ride applied her expertise with the Canadian-built 50-ft. remote manipulator arm to lift the ERBS from the shuttle's cargo bay, two 12-ft. by 8-ft. solar panels on the satellite refused to unfold. After fruitlessly shaking the cylindrical ERBS with the arm, the astronauts turned the shuttle toward the sun, until the frozen latches on the panels loosened up. Within three hours, the satellite was deployed.

Shortly after, another hitch: the astronauts found they could not control their movable KU-Band antenna. This critical instrument sends data from the shuttle to a Tracking and Data Relay Satellite (TDRS), which then beams the information to scientists on earth. Sighed Flight Director John Cox as he referred to Murphy's law ("Whatever can go wrong, will"): "Murphy has a way of getting to you." With the antenna wobbling like a drunk at a party, the crew adopted a contingency plan. They fixed the KU in one position and then pointed the spacecraft



Rear, from left: Crippen, Scully-Power, McBride; front: Garneau, Sullivan, Ride, Leetsma

Eight days in a crammed area without noticeable clashes or even displays of temper.

at the TDRS, which is like rotating your house to redirect the TV antenna for better reception.

The flight might have been billed as the revolt of the antennas. The three segments of the 35-ft. Solar Imaging Radar (SIR-B) dish antenna, NASA's newest and most advanced experimental radar device, also got stuck while stored in the cargo bay. Unlike conventional radar, the SIR-B can squint through cloud cover and rain to the earth below, taking photograph-like images of hidden oil and mineral deposits and dim archaeological features. Its debut was considered vital to the success of the mission. Again Ride and the mechanical arm were pressed into service. She nudged the recalcitrant antenna with the arm, and this time the punishment worked: it popped the antenna. But the loss of viewing time, coupled with the antenna problems, meant that a few scientific projects had to be sacrificed, among them a hoped-for image of the Arabian Peninsula near Oman, thought to be the site of an ancient lost city. Shrugged Charles Elachi of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., who heads the SIR-B studies, "The lost city will have to be lost for another year or so."

All worries dissolved when Sullivan and Leetsma donned their Spandex long johns and space suits in preparation for the walk through the cargo bay, its door open to limitless space. The major goal of the space walk: to practice refueling a satellite. Groping slowly into the bay, Leetsma exited first, followed shortly by a quicker, livelier Sullivan, who cried, "This is great!" Both rookie walkers were soon entangled in the safety tethers that chained them to the craft.

Extricating himself gingerly, Leetsma drifted to the work station at the rear, where he ran a hose between two fuel tanks, one containing highly volatile hydrazine gas, the other mimicking a satellite fuel container. Sullivan watched the temperature gauge and other readings throughout the 1-hr. 45-min. operation. Said she of the crew members inside: "I'll bet they ate our lunch." The pair then repositioned the KU-Band antenna so that it could be stowed away. After spending 3½ hrs. and two earth orbits outside, Leetsma and Sullivan headed back. George Nelson of Mission Control congratulated them, saying, "Very good work."

Indeed, Cox described the operations as "the most outstanding day that we've had." And the next morning, when 134 lbs. of hydrazine were transferred by remote controls into the dummy satellite in a mere 54 min., NASA declared that the success of the operation demonstrates that the lifetime of satellites now twirling through space can be extended substantially. That triumph could bolster the shuttle's image as a potentially valuable commercial tool. But whether corporations or the Pentagon will buy it remains to be seen. —By Natalie Angier, Reported by Jerry Hanzl/Kennedy Space Center and David S. Jackson/Houston

Environment

Report Card for William Clark

Two groups grade Watt's successor and nearly flunk him

When James Watt was Secretary of the Interior, his style was so abrasive and his handling of the environment so aggressively controversial that conservation groups gave him an overall grade of F and demanded his ouster. In an effort to mend fences with environmentalists and to restore peace at the Department of the Interior, the Reagan Administration brought in former National Security Adviser William Clark last October as Watt's replacement. Now, on the first anniversary of Clark's succession, two activist organizations, the Sierra Club and

Wilderness Protection, almost 24 million acres of public land operated by the Bureau of Land Management, a division of Interior, are being considered for possible wilderness preservation. Watt steadfastly opposed the designations and managed to drop 1.5 million acres from the review. Although Clark could move to restore the lost acreage, he has refused to do so. (According to an Interior spokesman, Clark cannot make a decision because the issue is now before the California courts.)

Wildlife. Under Secretary Watt, Interior had almost stopped adding threatened fauna and flora to the federal endangered-species list. By the end of 1984, Clark will have added about 20 species to the roster, an improvement over his predecessor but not nearly good enough, say the environmentalists. Some 4,000 plants and animals are now seriously imperiled; at the current rate it will take about a century to classify them.

Not all environmental groups agree with the report's gloomy assessment. One of the most conservative of the organizations, the National Wildlife Federation, which had joined in the chorus against Watt, sees Clark as a plus. "He has defused the tension," says Lynn Greenwalt, a vice president of the N.W.F. "Mr. Clark is approachable, and he listens." Clark has yet to make major substantive changes in Interior, says Greenwalt, but compared with Watt in the areas of diplomacy and personality. "Mr. Clark has to get an A+ with *summa cum laude*."

Interior officials dismiss the latest assessment of the environmentalists. One spokesman says that Clark is a lawyer and approaches problems on a case-by-case basis. "He did not set out to make a clean sweep, and he did not get rid of everything that Sierra and Friends of the Earth would like us to get rid of," says Kallman. "He is required under law to consider all constituencies and it is, accordingly, a thankless job." Interior officials say they hope to be able to sit down with representatives of the Sierra Club and the Friends of the Earth "to talk constructively about differences." That dialogue may be burdened by an additional problem, though: the Sierra Club and the Friends of the Earth have endorsed Walter Mondale. —By Natalie Angier, Reported by Melissa August/Washington



Interior Secretary in his Washington office

"He did not set out to make a clean sweep."

Friends of the Earth, see only a small improvement over the Watt regime. In a report released last week, the groups have measured Clark's performance and found it wanting. Says the study: "We would give him a D."

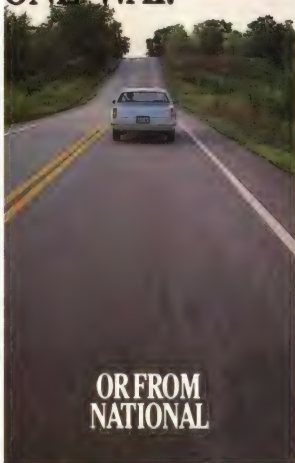
The environmentalists agree that Clark has effected a change in Interior's style. Says John McComb, conservation director of the Sierra Club: "Clark doesn't have the confrontational, arrogant attitude of Watt." But that adjustment, McComb says, is a "public relations game." The report maintains that "Watt's basic policies remain substantially unchanged." Among the points covered:

Offshore Oil Drilling. Watt had offered to lease up to a billion acres of continental shelf over five years for oil drilling in multimillion-acre tracts. The report charges that Clark continues to parcel the shelf in enormous chunks, overriding warnings of an undesirable environmental impact. Clark has postponed a deci-

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Intelligent cooking: in Iowa, an Amana Refrigeration worker installs memory and related circuits in the control panel of a microwave oven

Economy & Business

Raking In the Chips

U.S. semiconductor makers are out of a slump and into their biggest boom

Semiconductor chips are the soul of modern machines. In little more than a decade these tiny electronic marvels have become vital parts of everything from autos and television sets to missiles and battleships. So when U.S. chipmakers stumbled in recent years and lost ground to the Japanese, fears were raised that a glamorous new industry might be going the same uncompetitive way as American cars and steel. Instead, semiconductor makers embarked on a dazzling boom. Worldwide sales of U.S.-made chips jumped fully 20%, to \$9.6 billion in 1983, and are expected to show a spectacular 50% increase this year.

The importance of a vibrant semiconductor industry was underscored by Congress last week. In an extraordinary 363-to-0 vote, the House of Representatives passed a bill that would let chipmakers copyright their designs as if they were novels or plays. The measure, approved by the Senate two weeks ago and expected to be signed soon by President Reagan, is meant to safeguard the years of research and the tens of millions of dollars that it takes to create a chip that can pack several hundred thousand electronic circuits onto a silicon sliver smaller than a fingernail. One target of the legislation: the Japanese, who have become the world's No. 2

chipmakers after the U.S., partly by duplicating American designs.

The industry's latest profit reports reveal the extent to which semiconductor makers have been raking in the chips. Last week Intel Corp., a major Santa Clara, Calif., producer of logic and memory circuits, said its third-quarter earnings more than doubled to \$70 million, vs. \$32.1 million last year. Advanced Micro Devices had an even bigger gain. The Sunnyvale, Calif., chipmaker made \$42.1 million in its latest quarter, against \$12.2 million for the same period a year ago.

Those glowing income statements reflect both the strength of the U.S. economy and the ever growing pervasiveness of chips. "Semiconductors are here and people now recognize that," says Stephen Zelencik, a senior vice president of Advanced Micro Devices. "They are everywhere, for every reason, in everything." Chips have long since become the most popular components of watches. In cars they monitor antipollution systems and adjust idle speeds. In factories they control robots and automated assembly lines. They are embedded in virtually every major weapons system, where they perform such crucial tasks as aiming guns and navigating flights.

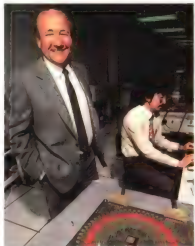
Semiconductor makers are also bene-

fitting from some painful past mistakes. When sales dipped sharply in the 1970s, U.S. chip producers responded by slashing payrolls, halting research and canceling expansion plans. Their cutbacks proved a boon to Japanese companies; they kept building plants and developing products, and thus were ready to grab new markets when business picked up. That lesson did not go unnoticed. During the depths of the 1981-82 recession, U.S. companies continued to invest. "We maintained our level of research-and-development spending," recalls Norman Neureiter, a vice president of Texas Instruments, one of the world's largest manufacturers of memory chips.

Despite their sophisticated design and awesome powers, semiconductors are not hard to understand. There are basically two kinds: memory chips, which hold information, and logic chips (sometimes called microprocessors or "computers-on-a-chip"), which use the data to control what a machine does. In a personal computer, for example, memory chips store programs for everything from Pac-Man to tax forms, while logic devices put the programs through their paces. U.S. companies dominate the market for logic semiconductors. Japan, however, still holds a commanding lead in memory chips.

The current boom has shattered some myths that once clung to the semiconductor industry like barnacles to a ship. Many experts had assumed that the high cost of developing chips would force all but giants like Texas Instruments and Japan's Hitachi out of the business. In fact, new small firms are thriving. At least 51 chip-makers sprang up between 1977 and 1983, including a record 16 last year.

Backed by aggressive venture-capital firms and bank loans, the new companies are moving into niches opened up by the explosive growth of the industry. Says Wilfred Corrigan, president of LSI Logic: "The market for semiconductors is getting so huge that it's starting to be impossible for the major companies to be all things to all people." Instead of mass-producing chips that work in every type of machine, many newcomers are zeroing in on customers with special needs. Others are perfecting a fast-evolving technology called CMOS (complementary metal oxide semiconductor) to produce chips that run on less power and could come to dom-



Corrigan: "more brains per square inch"

inate the industry within a few years.

A clear standout among the young companies has been LSI Logic. Since it was founded in 1981, the Silicon Valley firm has become a key supplier of customized logic chips to major computer makers, telecommunications companies and the aerospace industry. LSI President Corrigan, former chairman of Fairchild Camera and Instrument, boasts that his engineers apply "more brains per square inch" to the task of designing chips. Investors seem to agree. LSI Logic was able to raise \$152 million by selling stock to an eager public in May 1983.

Micron Technology of Boise, Idaho, is another near instant success. Founded by Twin Brothers Ward and Joseph Parkinson, the company started in 1981 with a cash infusion from an investment group headed by J.R. Simplot, one of the nation's largest potato processors. The following January Micron began shipping a memory chip that was smaller and more

efficient than those produced by other U.S. firms. Sales took off, and the company went public with its stock last summer. Initially offered for \$14 each, Micron shares rose as high as \$40½ and are now trading for about \$26.

Perhaps the most remarkable semiconductor success story of recent years involves Advanced Micro Devices. The brainchild of W.J. Sanders III, 48, a silver-haired ex-salesman with a penchant for sharply tailored suits and expensive cars, the 15-year-old company has outperformed the rest of the U.S. chip industry. It offers a broad range of specialized logic products that have been snapped up by makers of items ranging from personal computers to military gear. Predicted Sanders at his company's annual meeting: "I expect Advanced Micro Devices this fiscal year to become the first major semiconductor maker to put two 60%-plus growth years back to back."

Such triumphs notwithstanding, American chipmakers have scarcely overcome all their problems. A delicate one surfaced earlier this year as a result of a federal probe into the possibility that some firms had inadequately tested millions of chips used in defense hardware. National Semiconductor paid \$1.8 million in fines in March after pleading guilty to 40 counts of defrauding the Government. Texas Instruments last month disclosed that an internal inquiry had found that at least 4,700 different versions of chips used in military applications may not have been properly tested. The Pentagon is continuing its investigation of TI's procedures.

The U.S. industry also remains under siege from its Japanese rivals, who hold some 30% of the worldwide chip market, vs. 44% for American manufacturers. The Japanese firms' mastery of efficient and low-cost manufacturing techniques has helped them win an overpowering 50%-to-60% share of sales of the most popular memory chip. Known in the industry as the 64K RAM (for random access memory), the semiconductor holds 65,536 bits of information. Such companies as Hitachi, Fujitsu and NEC have opened an even larger lead in the

fledgling market for the equally tiny but four-times more powerful 256K RAM. Says an NEC spokesman: "We can already produce 1 million a month."

To get closer to U.S. customers, Japanese companies have been setting up shop in Silicon Valley. Hitachi and Fujitsu both have design centers in California, and Taiwanese and Korean firms have been moving in as well. Texas Instruments, meanwhile, has gone the other way by opening three semiconductor plants in Japan. Says TI Vice President Neureiter: "The overall discipline and challenge of working in that market has served us well worldwide."

What most worries U.S. firms about their Japanese rivals is signs that they plan to move more aggressively into logic chips, a traditional American stronghold. While Japan's manufacturers were once thought to have difficulty in creating innovative and highly successful logic circuits, that view is now changing. Hitachi last week unveiled a new logic semiconductor that is among the first to combine



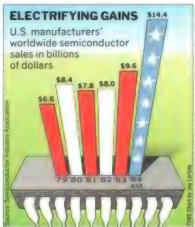
Sanders: a remarkable success story

the features of high-speed and low-energy use. Says Frederick Zieber, senior vice president of Dataquest, a San Jose, Calif., research outfit: "Technical dominance is no longer the preserve of the U.S. companies."

American firms are also noticing a dip in business as the economy starts to slow. Domestic orders for U.S. semiconductors topped \$11 billion a month in the first half of 1984, but last week the Semiconductor Industry Association said they fell to \$843 million in September. Nonetheless, the industry remains optimistic. Says Zieber: "We are entering a period of adjustment from the very strong market of the past six quarters into something less robust. But we don't expect things to fall apart, because we don't expect the economy to fall apart." Indeed, with the rebound still full of vigor, semiconductor makers are happy to let the chips fall where they may.

—By John Greenwald.

Reported by Michael Moritz/San Francisco



Economy & Business

The View from Hot Springs, Va.

Top executives see healthy growth and modest inflation ahead

When the chief executives from 70 of America's largest corporations gathered last weekend at the tony Homestead resort in Hot Springs, Va., for a semiannual meeting of the Business Council, their mood was understandably relaxed and upbeat. The strongest economic recovery in three decades has helped produce a 23% upsurge in corporate profits this year. Between rounds of golf, tennis matches and closed-door briefings from top Government officials, the executives expressed confidence that the business climate will remain favorable, at least through 1985.

That rosy outlook was supported in part by reassuring Government statistics published just as the corporate chiefs were arriving at the resort. The Producer Price Index, a measure of future inflation, fell in September by 0.2%, its second monthly decline in a row. And retail sales during the same month rose by 1.6%.

The council's optimism contrasted starkly with the expectations of four years ago, when members met before the 1980 elections. Then, high interest rates, double-digit inflation and the prospect of another oil-supply crisis caused by the outbreak of war between Iran and Iraq had business leaders worried. This year, with only three weeks to go to the presidential election, and with Ronald Reagan still riding high in the polls, council members are feeling confident. Said IBM Chairman John Opel, whose company last week announced a 21.7% increase in profits for the third quarter: "1984 was a very good year for us, and we have a view of 1985 that essentially says more of the same." Added Harry Gray, chairman of United Technologies, whose subsidiaries (including Pratt & Whitney and Sikorsky) have seen their profits boosted by high Pentagon spending: "The outlook for '85 is excellent."

The executives' confidence was further buoyed by a report of the council's economic panel. It predicts continued expansion next year, fueled by a 6% growth in corporate profits and strong capital investment in plant and equipment. Most important, consumer spending, which accounts for nearly two-thirds of the gross national product, is expected to remain strong. Said Philip Hawley, chairman of the Carter Hawley Hale department-store chain, which includes Neiman-Marcus and Bergdorf Goodman: "Going into the all-important holiday season, consumer confidence to us looks good. It's close to its all-time high." Hawley predicted, however, a slower rate of retail buying next year. That forecast was supported by the council report, which sees consumer

spending moving ahead by only 2.5%, compared with this year's 6% gain.

The council's economic outlook, a compilation of forecasts by 20 corporate economists, should prove encouraging to executives and wage earners alike. It predicts that real growth in the G.N.P. will level off next year at 3.5%, a rate that is considered more sustainable than this year's 33-year high of 7.2%. It also foresees inflation remaining in check at 5%, thanks in part to continuing price competition from imports made cheaper by the strong U.S. dollar.

Yet despite a pep talk from Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, who pledged



IBM's Opel



Ford's Caldwell



Exxon's Garvin and TRW's Mettler

Between golf rounds, closed-door briefings.

"continued tax incentives" in a second Reagan term, and continued deregulation to "keep Government off the backs of business," members agreed that the business horizon is not entirely cloudless. The council's economic report warns that the budget deficit is "heading in the wrong direction," and will reach \$177 billion, \$10 billion more than the Reagan Administration's latest estimate. "I don't buy the esoteric economic arguments that budget deficits aren't so bad," said TRW Chairman Ruben Mettler. "The deficit absolutely must be dealt with."

Business leaders were skeptical, however, of Administration claims that the deficit could be eliminated through a combination of economic growth and reduced Government spending. That argument was pitched by Regan, who told the meeting that by holding Government spending growth to 5%, and keeping economic growth at a steady 4%, Government income and expenditures could be balanced by 1989. The CEOs applauded politely, but not all were convinced that the deficit could be trimmed without tax hikes. "I don't see sufficient growth in the cards," warned Ford Chairman Philip Caldwell. Still, council members were generally confident that whoever wins next month's presidential election will confront the budget problem head-on. Said Hawley: "My sense is that it's not a partisan issue and will be tackled by whoever gets elected."

Partly because of the deficit problems, council members are worried about interest rates. The consensus report foresees the prime rate climbing back up to 13% by the end of the year from its current level of 12.75%, and moving to 14.5% by the close of 1985. That prospect had Caldwell tempering his own optimism for the year ahead. Said he: "The specter of higher interest rates is disturbing. People in the business community are very concerned." However, Walter Wriston, former chairman of New York's Citicorp who retired in August, offered a more bullish view when he predicted a "drifting down of interest rates over the next six to eight months."

To help that forecast come true, most of the chief executives favor a second Reagan term and a budget-balancing strategy based more on spending reductions than tax increases. "I've got an instinctive feeling," said Exxon Chairman Clifton Garvin, who currently chairs the Business Council, "that if you give Congress a lot more money from those taxes Walter Mondale wants, we're going to wind up spending it." Summed up United Technologies' Gray: "The kind of program the President has started really can't be accomplished in four years. They've made some impressive gains on inflation and interest rates and they deserve more time." —By Christopher Redman/Hot Springs

Maybe they aren't ready for everything they learn.

It's no secret that kids learn about more things at school than just schoolwork. Often, their peers instruct them in the ways of the adult world.

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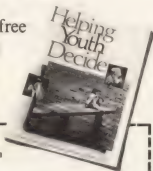
We believe smoking is an adult custom, and that the decision whether to smoke or not

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Rich Is Poorer

A fugitive's \$200 million debt

The check that U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani held aloft at a New York City press conference last week looked just like one that a homeowner might use to pay the gas bill. But to Giuliani and dozens of other federal investigators, their check was a prized hunting trophy. Made out to the United States of America and drawn on Chase Manhattan Bank, the check for \$113,018,306.71, along with other payments, concluded a 13-month tax-fraud prosecution of two companies controlled by fugitive Commodities Broker Marc Rich. The total settlement of nearly \$200 million, said Giuliani, "represents the largest amount of money ever recovered by the United States in a criminal tax-avoidance case."

Clarendon Ltd., the American subsidiary of Swiss-based Marc Rich & Co. AG, pleaded guilty to generating at least \$50 million in illegal oil profits during 1980 and 1981 and then dodging taxes on the money by transferring the earnings overseas. Last week's settlement will allow the two companies to resume operating in the U.S. But criminal charges of tax evasion, fraud and racketeering still stand against Rich and his partner, Pincus ("Pinky") Green. The two, both 50, fled from New York City to their headquarters in Zug, Switzerland, in September 1983, only a few weeks before federal investigators brought 51 separate charges against them.

Two years ago, the Belgian-born Rich controlled a group of companies from his New York office that annually traded some \$10 billion worth of such commodities as oil, gold, aluminum, sulfur and sugar. But the FBI, apparently tipped off by a group of Texas oil traders, had begun looking into Rich's dealings and was soon joined by agents of the Treasury Department, Internal Revenue Service and Customs Service. Rich's often inept efforts to stonewall the probe took on a burlesque quality. His company refused to turn over documents to a grand jury, provoking \$50,000-a-day contempt-of-court fines that messengers dutifully delivered to court each week. The payments eventually totaled \$21 million.

In August 1983 the company tried to smuggle the contested documents out of the U.S. in two steamer trunks aboard a Swissair jet, but customs officers intercepted them at New York's Kennedy Airport after apparently being alerted by a mole in Rich's organization. At one point, in order to avoid court fines, Rich and Green hastily changed the name of their U.S. subsidiary from Marc Rich International to Clarendon and arranged a secret sale of the company to a shareholder in their Swiss firm.

Last week's settlement lifted the Government's yearlong freeze on Rich's U.S. assets. In return, the Swiss company paid back about \$130 million that was owed to



A rare glimpse of the trader in Switzerland

Criminal charges of fraud still stand.

14 U.S. and European banks. The agreement allowed another Rich firm to sell its 50% stake in TCF Century-Fox, the parent company of 20th Century-Fox. Rich, a secret partner with Denver Oilman Marvin Davis in the 1981 purchase of the film studio, sold his shares to Davis last week for a reported \$116 million.

The highly publicized case sparked a diplomatic tug-of-war between officials in Washington and Bern. Because Switzerland's law forbids the divulging of business secrets, authorities there took a dim view of an American court fining a Swiss firm to obtain documents. In August 1983 Swiss officials descended on Rich's Zug offices and seized papers out of fear that the company would cave in to U.S. investigators.

Federal officials will probably never be able to put Rich and Green on trial. Swiss authorities refused last month to hand over the pair on the ground that a 1900 extradition treaty with the U.S. does not cover the fugitives' alleged crimes. A further difficulty is that Rich has renounced his American citizenship to become a Spaniard, and Green reportedly is now a Bolivian. The two are unlikely to return to the U.S. of their own accord. Prosecutor Giuliani has said he would accept no plea bargain from the traders unless it would "expose them to substantial prison terms."

Rich and Green apparently remain ensconced in their modern, blue-glass headquarters in the lakeside town of Zug (pop. 22,000). There the pair are regarded by some natives as folk heroes rather than accused felons. But it will take a long time to rebuild Marc Rich's globe-straddling commodities business. Many customers have reportedly shied away, as have some of the firm's skilled traders. Said one departed employee: "This company has gone through hell." Not to mention having just given up nearly \$200 million. —*By Stephen Koopp. Reported by Robert Kroon/Bern and Adam Zagorin/New York*

Hall of Shame

Gee, your hair smells like yogurt

Not every new product can be a knock-out, like light beer or TV dinners. Of the more than 5,000 items that annually appear on supermarket shelves, as many as 80% are commercial duds. Last week marketing specialists who attended the World New Products Conference in Toronto tried to learn some lessons from an exhibit of about 900 less-than-successful items.

Many failed efforts are simply misunderstood by consumers. When Heublein put its Wine and Dine dinners on sale in the mid-1970s (price: \$1.35), buyers thought they were getting a macaroni dinner along with some wine to sip. The wine was actually a salty liquid intended for use in cooking the noodles. Trading on its success with infants, Gerber tried to market such grownup fare as beef burgundy and Mediterranean vegetables. The company's mistake was to put the food in containers that looked like baby-food jars. Gerber compounded its problem by labeling the product SINGLES. Later research showed that adults generally dislike being pegged as singles who eat alone, even if they do.

Other products have sunk for a variety of unexpected reasons. In 1980 Campbell received a tepid response to its new instant soup. The product was a single serving of highly concentrated soup to which the consumer added boiling water.



Not fast enough

Baby-food image

As it happened, this was scarcely more instant than Campbell's regular soup, to which a consumer simply adds water or milk and then boils. General Foods stirred a short-lived sensation with Pop Rocks, a carbonated candy that crackled and popped when eaten. The candy was so effervescent that the company had to disprove rumors that children who swallowed the granules too fast would get a stomachful of carbonation. But the candy was nothing that youngsters could sink their teeth into, and the fad eventually lost its fizz.

A classic mistake was a shampoo test-marketed by Clairol called A Touch of Yogurt. As Robert McMath, chairman of Marketing Intelligence Service, a New York consulting group, points out, "People weren't interested in putting yogurt on their hair, despite the fact that it may be good for it. Maybe they should have called it A Touch of Glamour, with Yogurt." ■

Business Notes

LABOR UNIONS

One Yeah, One Nay, One Maybe



Decision day in Pontiac, Mich.

The early returns were unsettling. As members of the United Auto Workers voted last week on a new three-year contract with General Motors, word leaked out that at least 22 of the union's 149 locals had turned down the agreement. Many workers were dissatisfied with the proposed wage hike and lump-sum payments that would average 2.25% annually. But after U.A.W. President Owen Bieber warned that rejection would mean an immediate nationwide strike, the vote totals began to shift in favor of the contract. At week's end union officials predicted approval by a 55% to 60% majority.

Even so, GM may have little time to celebrate. The Canadian branch of the U.A.W. has turned down a contract similar to the U.S. agreement. Unless the company sweetens its offer, 36,000 workers may strike this week at GM's nine Canadian factories.

Meanwhile, representatives of the U.A.W. and Ford worked all week toward reaching a contract settlement for that company's U.S. workers, patterned after the GM pact. Though apparently near agreement, the negotiators adjourned the talks on Friday night so they could take care of other important business: rooting for the Detroit Tigers in the World Series.

TAXES

Big Companies, Small Bills

Over the past three years, General Electric earned \$6.5 billion in domestic profits but paid no federal income taxes. Though that may represent the biggest tax advantage enjoyed by any major U.S. corporation, it is not rare. A study released last week by Citizens for Tax Justice, a Washington-based public interest coalition, shows that loopholes and incentive programs are reducing many corporate tax bills to zero. Among 250 major companies whose financial records were surveyed, 51% paid no federal income taxes in at least one of the past three years.

The decline in corporate taxes is largely the result of two decades of congressional changes in the tax code. In most cases, legislators designed the rate reductions for such well-intended purposes as spurring investment, helping struggling industries or boosting jobs. The overall effect has been to shrink the corporate contribution to federal revenue from more than 20% in the 1960s to 6% last year, leading critics to complain that individuals are now bearing a disproportionate share of the federal tax burden. Not all companies have benefited equally, however. Whirlpool, for example, paid out 45.6% of its profits in taxes over the past three years, indicating that it received almost no big breaks.

BEVERAGES

Scotch on the Rocks

During the late 1960s and early '70s, the copper stills of Scotland worked overtime to satisfy the fast-growing taste for the country's malt whisky. The industry grew to employ 25,000 workers, and Scotch ranked as Britain's fifth-biggest export. But after peaking in 1978 at sales of \$2.5 billion, Scotch has gone on the rocks. In a report issued last week, Britain's National Economic Development Office stated that distillers are working at about 50% of capacity and that industry employment has fallen by about 28%.

Despite slower production, there is now a two-year surplus of Scotch. Reason: the whiskies that are currently coming of age were produced at least six years ago, when experts were predicting stronger sales. Says Jeffrey Wormstone, spokesman for the Scotch Whisky Association: "To allow the spirits to mature, we have to make whisky so far ahead that now we are stuck with it." The surplus is not likely to be consumed soon. In the U.S., the biggest single Scotch market, the beverage is suffering from an old-fogy image. Many younger drinkers prefer lighter, whiter spirits like vodka and lighter still, white wine.

RETAILING

Only 69 Shopping Days Left

Too early to start thinking about Christmas? Not at all. With the toy industry headed toward a record \$11 billion in retail sales this year, spot shortages of the most popular games and dolls are already appearing. Toy stores say they cannot stock enough of Rainbow Brite, Mattel's newest line of dolls. Kenner expects to ship 9 million of its fuzzy Care Bears, yet still cannot meet demand. Some 25 factories in Japan are turning out tiny robots called Transformers that can be changed into cars and dinosaurs, but 20% of retail orders are going unfilled. Even last year's smash, the Cabbage Patch Kids, which set off near riots in shopping malls, are still in short supply.

Consumers, however, are in no danger of missing the arrival of the December gift season. Christmas editions of mail-order catalogs have already arrived, and the first signs of this year's TV blitz are appearing. For the past two weeks, cable networks CNN and WTBS have been broadcasting ads for Christmas music. Reason: four to six weeks are required for delivery of the records. These Yuletide commercials will be taken off the air right after Thanksgiving.



Mattel's Rainbow Brite

COMPANIES

Sony Shifts Electronic Gears

For nearly 40 years, Sony Corp. has been synonymous with advanced consumer electronics, from Trinitron TVs to Walkman cassette players. Now the company has decided to shift gears. Chairman and Co-Founder Akio Morita, 63, confirmed last week that Sony is changing its focus to products for business and industry: communications and broadcast equipment, semiconductors and other component parts. Says Morita: "We won't be primarily a radio and tape-recorder company any more."

The reasons for Sony's switch have been clear for some time. As the market for audio and video equipment has grown more crowded, sales of Sony's higher-priced goods have slowed. Meanwhile, the company's ventures into new markets, like personal computers, have seemed sluggish and halfhearted. The worst blow came in videotape recorders. Sony's Betamax, which started the home-taping explosion, has been overtaken in sales by the VHS format adopted by most of its rivals.

Sony still sells 75% of its products to consumers and will not entirely abandon the home market. But Morita hopes that by 1990 half the firm's sales will come from industry, where the profits are bigger and the customers less fickle.



Chairman Akio Morita




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RENAULT
THE ONE TO WATCH 

People



Emperor Hirohito plucks some nashi while Empress Nagako waits patiently in the shade

Dear Folks,

Hello from the Big Apple (they really do call it that). In case you worried about who in Sin City would buy tickets to hear me sing at Radio City Music Hall, lo and behold, the place was Sold Out. Most of the media (they're everywhere up here) hadn't really heard of **Amy Grant**, and they all stepped prettily around the fact that I'm a "Christian" singer. They seemed surprised when I told them that I've won two Grammys and that I'm pretty well known in a lot of the country. They wanted to make me out as some kind of sermon-singing Goody Two-Shoes from Nashville. Well anyway, it's been



Grant: the Word in Sin City

great. I saw *Cats* (purr), had Chinese food at Mr. Chow (yum), and rented a room at the Plaza to watch the Columbus Day Parade. Gotta go. On to Philadelphia and Toronto. As I told one reporter, I've honestly felt embraced up here.

Love, Amy

It's all been rather a bore so far. No parties. No press conferences. No polo, even. The first four weeks of **Henry** (call me Harry) **Charles Albert David's** life have been spent quietly with Mum and Nanny at Highgrove, Prince Charles' stately home in Gloucestershire, about 90 sedate miles west of London. They're all mad about the boy, of course, but thus far they have kept his short reign quiet. He hasn't even messed about much with Brother Willie. The only public peek at the newborn Windsor came when his uncle manqué, Lord Snowdon, came to call and snapped his first portrait. The baby Beau Brummell was turned out in the very latest in Savile Row swaddling clothes.

The scene had the ageless delicacy and serenity of a 19th century Japanese watercolor. The white royal retreat overlooking a placid lake. The azure sky contrasting with the pale, pebbled front yard. Nothing had changed, at least not on the surface, as Emperor Hiro-

hito, 83, and **Empress Nagako**, 81, returned to Inawashiro, the resort town 150 miles north of Tokyo where they had spent their honeymoon 60 summers before. The only changes evident during this "full-moon" trip, as second honeymoons are called in Japan, was writ on the wrinkled faces of the six bowing septuagenarians who had served as caddies for the couple during a golfing outing in 1924. The royal pair did not try another round. The Emperor was content to visit a local orchard where he picked three *nashi*, Japanese pears, while the Empress, looking ever so slightly moonstruck, observed from close by.

Debearded, deponytailied and, some might say, deloveliied, Willie seemed like a half-Nelson. Last week when a clean-shaven but still grizzled ole boy collected **Willie Nelson's** prize at the Country Music Association awards in Nashville, the "redheaded stranger" was not immediately recognized. "I did it for comfort mainly," he explained. What he also did it for mainly was his role in the film *Songwriter*. Now that he is shorn again, will he stay clean-cut? "People tell me I look younger and healthier," said Nelson, 51. "I like it."

—By Richard Stengel



The no-bearded stranger



Here's Harry: a first look at his royal tinesness, posing with Mum

Sport

A Not-So-Classic Fall Classic

However untidily, the Tigers chew on the Padres

After all the lovely and awful games of an occasionally tedious but ultimately fleeting baseball season, the desire to go out on a high moment is still strong. Even on the edge of a championship fully anticipated since April, the Detroit Tigers themselves seemed to be hoping for a better stage than a World Series only notable, and not remarkable, for scraps of drama—an exhilarating Chet Lemon catch or an excruciating Bobby Brown slump or two professional pitching performances by Jack Morris. When San Diego seemed all but finished, Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson said, "I wish before this is over that my team could have one day of playing the way it can play. No one's seen it."

In the fourth game many saw Tigers Shortstop Alan Trammell's consecutive home runs off right-winged Pitcher Eric Show, who absorbed seven of them in eight postseason innings, and some were impressed that the third time up, when circumstances called for him to try to move Lou Whitaker over, he finally did—with a single. Trammell provided all their runs in a 4-2 victory that left the Padres with no cheerful alternative to winning three games in a row, as they had done against the Chicago Cubs. "Maybe we should start our bullpen," said Manager Dick Williams, for the starting pitchers' earned run average over three losses and a victory was 11.70.



The chicken in flight in the San Diego stands

Before the 1984 Tigers, only the 1927 Yankees and 1923 Giants had led a pennant race from the first day to the last. Though Detroit's players expressed the usual respect for the opponent at hand, they seemed to imagine themselves in a deeper contest—playing for history. And not just engaged, enthralled. "Great teams are remembered fondly," Trammell sighed dreamily. Upon winning the

first game 3-2, convoluted Conversation-alist Anderson somehow concluded that a full seven-game Series was assured. "If it don't go seven," he worried, "people are going to miss some of my best stuff."

When San Diego took the second game 5-3, he turned around and declined to feign the customary contentment with a split of the opening two road games, preceding three at home: "We feel like we can win every night." After Detroit won the next one 5-2, he reversed again: "Now we're sure we're going back to San Diego." Williams, the more stolid manager, said with less conviction, "I know we're going back, but I'd like for the Tigers to come with us." One of them had to become the first ever to manage a world champion in both the National and American Leagues. And now Williams had an idea who.

A variety of untoward but entertaining situations conspired against the Tigers' hopes for a classic fall classic. Such as awkward outfielders barreling into bullpen pitchers, and butchered pitchouts burrowing into umpires' bellies. One starting pitcher for San Diego, Ed Whitson, surrendered three hits on his first three deliveries, then yielded before the inning was out to an uncommon young Texan ("The only timid Texan I ever met," Williams mused) named Andy Hawkins, 24, who pitched merely like Christy Mathewson for 5½ innings on top of 2½ the day before. He permitted one single every 24 hours, and the hit on that second day fell for no good reason in front of suffering Leftfielder Carmelo Martinez.

There were a few other embarrassments, such as the eleven walks and a hit



Stumblebun into homer hero: Bevacqua down and out in the first game, then up and around the bases in Game 2



batsman that the Padres pitchers pressed into just five innings of Game 3. The fourth game was doled with errors and wild pitches. But the personification of everything unclass about the Series was Kurt Bevacqua, 37, San Diego's designated hitter in the odd year, the pivotal character of the first two games after being the least active major leaguer for the past 13 seasons. A career pinch hitter with all the moves (Cleveland, Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Kansas City again, Milwaukee, Texas, San Diego, Pittsburgh again, San Diego again). Bevacqua disavows the utilityman label, but only because it sounds to him like someone who should be working for the power company. He acknowledges that he has probably watched more baseball games from the bench than has any other player.

Of recent times, San Diego heroes have been in such small supply that the most celebrated personage in the entire city could well be a short man in a chicken suit. "Mr. San Diego," Financier C. Arnholt Smith, 85, the former leading citizen and founding owner of the Padres, was sentenced to county jail last week for mislaying a few million here and there. A move to canonize the late McDonald's millionaire and baseball savior Ray Kroc seems to be under way. Local papers keep referring to him in heaven. *The New Yorker's* Roger Angell, whose name is spelled with two *J's*, was taken somewhat aback when a San Diego radio interviewer asked, "Do you think Mr. Kroc is looking down on the team?" With careful kindness, Angell replied, "I know nothing to indicate that he isn't."

It is not too outlandish then that an eccentric man who catches baseballs spilled 390 ft. from the top of the downtown Imperial Bank Building (Bevacqua handled five out of six chances during the

charity stunt, missing only the one he tried to glove behind his back) has been looked upon as a hero. Until last week, Bevacqua's other credit was a national bubble-gum-blowing championship. But then, leading off the seventh inning of Game 1, he doubled to rightfield, stumbled past second base and was thrown out at third. He ill-represented the tying run.



A feline in full cry for her treasured Tigers

The spectacle of a designated hitter who bats ninth (200) is at least as funny as a cleanup batter who hits 228 (Padres Third Baseman Graig Nettles). However, on an impulse, Williams decided to upgrade Bevacqua to the sixth slot for Game 2, and his three hits included a three-run homer, just his second of the year. "I'll do anything to get in the papers," he had proved before, but never so conventional-

ly. (Larry Herndon, the silent Tiger who had an equally telling homer the day before, does anything to stay out of them.) After blowing kisses around the bases, Bevacqua reflected, "I've had a lot of valleys in my career. I've probably reached the top of the mountain tonight." Or at least somewhere between the roof of the Imperial Bank Building and heaven.

His counterpart, in a sense, was Kirk Gibson, the Detroit rightfielder who heaved the ball to Cutoff Man Lou Whitaker so precisely. "Last year," Gibson said, "I quite possibly could have thrown a 20-ft. slider. Al Kaline won't take any credit, but he taught me." The following day, fortunes reversed, and against Bevacqua's home run, Gibson made two errors. Dusty Rhodes, Al Gionfriddo, Gene Tenace and the usual list of fateful World Series names was redrawn and then increased. Marty Castillo, whom Anderson describes as "the fool-around, funny guy" of the Tigers, homered with a man on base in the third game, during which 24 other runners were left. Promptly his life story was requested, starting with when he was five and accidentally burned down the house. "I've been a big mouth all my life..." he began.

A similar affliction, a less delightful strain of it, had plagued Morris. When he lost control of either himself or the ball, his habit had been to look around for an umpire or some other handy receptacle of blame. Early in the season, he was given to demonstrating on the mound against Tiger teammates who made errors, until Catcher Lance Parrish came up the hill to visit him once. "Nobody wants to play behind you when you're acting like this," Parrish told him, and Morris grew in grace from that moment on. They support each other now. —By Tom Callahan



Slapping happy and slip-sliding away: Castillo cheers himself home, and moments later Whitaker gets the third game-winning run



In Search of Questioners

The League runs into problems putting together a panel

Nearly every candidate for national office complains at some point that the press spends too much time pursuing its own vision of the issues and not enough allowing the candidate's message to get through to voters. Yet when offered the opportunity to debate on TV, the campaigners have spurned proposals for head-to-head confrontation and insisted instead that reporters ask questions, as the Reagan

campaign had excluded three reporters, on what appeared to be a political basis: William Greider of *Rolling Stone*, whose *Atlantic Monthly* interviews with Budget Director David Stockman raised questions about the integrity of the Reagan budget-planning process; Nashville *Tennessean* Editor John Siegenthaler, who served in the Kennedy Administration; and Jerrold Schechter of *Esquire*, a former *TIME* correspondent who served in the Carter Administration.

As it turned out, the two members finally added had stronger ideological ties than most potential questioners: CBS News Correspondent Diane Sawyer worked for Richard Nixon at the White House and after he resigned, and Baltimore *Sun* Reporter Fred Barnes writes a column for the conservative monthly *American Spectator*. A fourth seat was offered to two New York *Times* reporters, Gerald Boyd and Hedrick Smith, who refused because they disapproved of the extensive vetoes. The *Times's* Washington editor, William Kovach, announced that the newspaper would boycott further debates this year: "We cannot encourage a process that has a political saliva (test administered by candidates. We all know where that leads—to asking the White House who we can assign to cover it)." CBS News President Edward Joyce also pulled his reporters out of contention for subsequent debates.

The selection process for the vice-presidential forum Thursday was less tortuous. Ridings insisted that the slate be chosen largely from an original list of twelve, and to complete the process, she presented each campaign with pairs of potential panelists who had to be accepted in tandem. That approach produced a balanced group whose questions seemed a bit sharper in tone and follow-up than those posed by the presidential inquirers. Its members: Robert Boyd, Washington bureau chief of the Knight-Ridder newspapers, Norma Quarles of NBC News, John Mashek of *U.S. News and World Report* and Jack White of *TIME*.

Despite the slight improvement in the approval process, Ridings said that she would not deal with campaign subordinates but would seek to discuss the process and perhaps establish a list during a conference telephone call with Mondale Campaign Chairman James Johnson and White House Chief of Staff James Baker. After the campaign is over, the League is considering meeting with reporters and political figures to work out a new system that will give candidates less leeway in exercising a veto. Says Ridings: "We do not expect journalists to be political enclaves. We all have our thoughts and beliefs, but we can separate that from our duties." —By William A. Henry III.

Reported by Kathleen Brady/New York and John E. Yang/Washington



The painstakingly chosen few: presidential interrogators Wiegart, left, Sawyer and Barnes. Organizer Ridings complained, "There was abuse of the process by both campaigns."

campaign demanded this year. Participation by journalists turns what could be an unpredictable, even uncontrolled, exchange into a variation on the safe, familiar format of a press conference.

Despite reporters' growing misgivings about becoming too much a part of the campaign process, journalists have been a part of every presidential debate since the first Kennedy-Nixon encounter in 1960. To all outward appearances, there have been only cosmetic changes in the debate structure established then and adapted in 1976, 1980 and 1984. But behind the scenes, a new factor this year caused major news organizations to threaten to boycott future debates: for the first time, both campaigns misused their veto power over the selection of questioners in an effort to secure a friendly panel.

The League of Women Voters has accorded campaigns veto power since it began sponsoring the debates in 1976. Explains President Dorothy Ridings: "If a candidate feels there is some reporter who is totally opposed to him as a person or to his positions, it will affect his perform-

ance." There was a general understanding that the veto would be used only in extreme circumstances. In 1976 neither side objected to any reporter. In 1980 a handful were excluded, but not enough in any debate to force the League to expand beyond its usual slate of about twelve potential participants. For the exchange between Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale, however, 83 journalists were

considered and only three were acceptable to the campaigns and also willing to appear. Each side knocked out about an equal number. Said Ridings: "There was abuse of the process by both campaigns. The letter of the agreement was lived up to, but the spirit was not."

League organizers say that what may have started as gamesmanship to unnervethe other side simply got out of hand. Says one participant: "A certain dynamism took over. One party became very harsh, and the other side then said, 'All right, we'll do the same thing.'" Of the first dozen names submitted, the Democrats reportedly agreed to five, the Republicans to just one: James Wiegart, national political correspondent for the Scripps-Howard newspapers and former editor of the *New York Daily News*. After rejecting another group proposed by the League, each campaign countered with suggested names: some were rejected by the other side and some by the League, which wanted a mix of sex and race of reporters and in type of news organizations represented. A senior White House official said that

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Press

Manipulation

Probing Soviet influence

Disinformation is the term that intelligence analysts give to falsehoods a country disseminates by duping foreign news media. Such campaigns usually depend on a legitimate journalist's unwitting participation. Thus it is often all but impossible, even long after the fact, for a news organization to detect that it has been the victim of disinformation. One classic instance that took months to expose: the rash of stories planted among Western journalists that the late Soviet leader Yuri Andropov was a fan of jazz and Western fiction and a closet liberal.

The inability of a news organ to be sure that it has not been used was cited last week by the West German newsweekly *Der Spiegel*. The publication withdrew, for a no-cash settlement, a libel suit that it had brought in Britain against the defunct newsweekly *Now*. The London-based magazine had reprinted in 1981, a few months before it folded, a speech by its owner, Sir James Goldsmith, in which he accused the left-leaning *Spiegel* of having been manipulated by the KGB while researching a series of 1962 articles that challenged the integrity of Franz Josef Strauss, then West Germany's Defense Minister. In last week's exchange of statements in court, reprinted in full-page advertisements in the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*, Goldsmith emphasized that he had not meant to imply that *Spiegel* had knowingly cooperated with the KGB. *Spiegel's* British attorney, John Wilmers, conceded, "Although they themselves are not conscious of having been used, my clients are conscious of the dangers to press freedom posed by Soviet covert propaganda." Both sides described the outcome as a moral victory.

Goldsmith, who owns the French weekly *L'Express* and an American supermarket empire, has crusaded for years urging Western journalists to study disinformation techniques. To prepare a defense for the *Spiegel* trial, he solicited testimony from students of Soviet actions in West Germany, Britain and the U.S., including a Czech defector, General Jan Sejna, whose public remarks were the basis for the assertions about Strauss and *Spiegel*. Among other potential witnesses: a Soviet bloc defector who was involved in efforts to defame Strauss, and Georgetown University Professor Roy Godson, author of a recent book on Soviet disinformation. Goldsmith said last week that he will publish a book, to be written by



Goldsmith

British journalists, based on the evidence he accumulated. Says he: "Prime responsibility for stopping Soviet abuse of our freedom of the press lies with the media themselves."

Goldsmith, a failed aspirant to Parliament, is written off by some intelligence experts as a Conservative ideologue. Yet Western reporters have repeatedly experienced disinformation from the Soviet bloc, from attempts to discredit Polish Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa to contentions that the Korean Air Lines jet shot down by the Soviets was on a CIA mission. The issues in the *Spiegel* case probably are, as its editors said last week, beyond conventional proof. But the broader problem Goldsmith raised is one that knowing journalists cannot easily dismiss. ■

State of Mind

A libel case is scaled back

When Dan Burt, the attorney for retired General William Westmoreland in his \$120 million libel suit against CBS *News*, made his opening statement to the jury last week, he relied heavily on assertions about the intentions of the producers of the documentary in question, *The Uncounted Enemy*. Among the most compelling evidence that CBS must face is its own in-house investigation, which Burt forced it to make public. Ironically, just as the case came to trial, a federal judge threw out most of a precedent-setting earlier case—also involving CBS *News* Correspondent Mike Wallace and a Viet Nam military figure, Lieut. Colonel Anthony Herbert—that had provided the legal basis for opening CBS's private files.

Herbert sued in 1971, declaring he had been libeled by a story on *60 Minutes* that questioned his claims to have reported war crimes to his superiors. (The broadcast involved in Westmoreland's suit was produced by CBS *Reports*, not *60 Minutes*.) Herbert's case went to the U.S. Supreme Court in 1979 on a procedural question. Under existing law, a public official had to prove not only that the assertions were false, but that the journalist either knew they were false or acted in reckless disregard of whether they were true. Herbert contended that if he had to prove the state of mind of his accusers, then he was entitled to question them about their notes, conversations and even thoughts. By a 6-to-3 vote, the Supreme Court agreed. The decision has allowed plaintiffs to show juries the filmed outtakes from a broadcast.

Federal District Judge Charles Haight's action last week did not affect that principle. But he ruled that nine of Herbert's eleven assertions of libel lacked factual basis. According to CBS, the remaining issues are minor. Said Herbert's attorney, Jonathan Lubell, "We thought many more issues should have gone to the jury. But given the state of libel law, whenever a public figure gets to face a jury, it is a victory." ■

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Cinema

Marching to a Muffled Beat

THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL Directed by George Roy Hill
Screenplay by Loring Mandel

The trouble with John le Carré's 1983 novel, *The Little Drummer Girl*, was that it required more than 400 pages of densely detailed writing to lend credence to an improbable plot that a writer less impressed by his own critical repute might have skipped through in about half that length. The trouble with the movie version of this tale is that it is entirely, and rather glumly, preoccupied with that labyrinthine plot. There is no time left in the film for those observations about character, setting and political background that at least gave the original fiction the force of caring craftsmanship and sober moral concern.

Like the book, the movie leaves the viewer trying to tamp down an ungrateful feeling of boredom and impatience. In recounting the story of how an unhappy and unsuccessful repertory actress named Charlie (Diane Keaton) is recruited and trained by an Israeli intelligence team to penetrate a Palestinian terrorist organization in order to kill its leader. Director

George Roy Hill (*The World According to Garp*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*) matches Le Carré's heavy spirit. He is a careful workman who does an honest day's labor for an honest dollar, but he lacks the capacity to astonish or, it would seem, to inspire. If the audience is to become suspensefully and emotionally involved, it must be made to feel a certain ambiguity about Charlie. It must wonder if she really has enough emotional stability and enough skill in performance to sustain under deadly pressure the elaborate impersonation that the Israelis require of her. In other words, what is needed is Annie Hall's neurotic flightiness, or at least her actressy self-awareness. Instead, Keaton brings mostly a sort of put-upon sullenness to her part.

There is, similarly, no felt passion, political or otherwise, among the hit squad that controls Charlie or among its desperate opponents. So relentless are the obligations of this frenetic cast to the complexities of a story that involves



Diane Keaton in *Drummer Girl*

locations in five countries, so tightly does Hill run his shuttle service between them, that there is no room for a particularizing word or gesture from anyone. The true subject here is the logistics of moviemaking, not the more wayward logic of history-tormented hearts and minds.

—By Richard Schickel

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Thinking Big

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

Directed by John Byrum
Screenplay by John Byrum
and Bill Murray

If you are going to spend the better part of two decades searching for The Meaning of Life, it is an excellent idea to maintain your good nature while pursuing the quest. It smooths out the highs (the inevitable lamasery in the Himalayas) and the lows (a stint of hard labor in a French coal mine), and it makes the earnest pilgrim a lot easier for his friends (not to mention the movie audience) to take. Besides, playful self-deflation suits Bill Murray, who only did *Ghostbusters* in return for a shot at the second screen version of Somerset Maugham's most gaseous novel. The laid-back eccentricity of his Larry Darrell disrupts the slick romantic parabola of the story, in a way pretty Tyrone Power never could. And provides a few conscious laughs to balance the unconscious humor that inevitably bubbles up along with its spiritual vapors.

What sets Larry pondering the question of where he and the world are heading is the horror of World War I trench warfare. Mustered out, he rejects a career in the stock market and marriage to Isabel (Catherine Hicks), his bitchy, materialistic fiancée, in order

to embrace the exemplary poverty and thoughtfulness of Left Bank Paris in the '20s. Thereafter, a great deal of breathless plotting contrives to keep him in touch both with Isabel and with Sophie (Theresa Russell), another, more sensitive, therefore more self-destructive girl he left behind. It is not merely that the fulfillments he finds on his stroll along the path to salvation must be contrasted to the jazzy emptiness of the women's lives. The plot must also be maneuvered toward a denouement in which Isabel gets the comeuppance that popular fiction always metes out to the emotionally blind. And poor Sophie, besotted by drugs and sunken to prostitution, must suffer, despite Larry's noble attempt at rescue, the instructive tragedy that popular fiction always awards the emotionally vulnerable.

It requires a heart of stone to keep a straight face at the passing of Little Sophie, and neither the script nor the acting aids in that endeavor. Nor does the picture's style. One would like to think that when a film embraces the conventions of 1950s imagery (blasted tree trunks standing starkly against a battlefield's orange sky, gauzily veiled glimpses of, yes, dens of iniquity) and symbolic set decoration (the wretched excesses of an aesthete's salon contrasted with the too tasteful austerity of an intellectual's garret), it intends an ironic comment on how Hollywood once



Bill Murray in *Razor's Edge*

tried literally to gloss over what it thought of as big, discomforting ideas. But such charity is drowned out by an insistently romantic score, by the screech of the melodramatic resolution to every crisis. Too bad the pipings of Murray's lively, original voice are also swept away in the din.

—R.S.

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Terms of Enchantment

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING by William Shakespeare

The house lights dim, wind chimes fill the night, and a lady appears at her cello to play a wistful air. Welcome to empyrean, where wit is a state of grace and the seraphim move in minute, minuet steps. No mortals need apply here, in this latest Royal Shakespeare Company triumph, which opened last week at Broadway's Gershwin Theater in repertory with Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. In the *Much Ado* realm, gods and goddesses play at love, duel with words, feign indifference and even death to gauge a suitor's passion—all to wile away a heavenly three hours.

When it was first performed at the end of the 16th century, *Much Ado* must have seemed as modern as *Utopia*. The main plot dated back to the Greeks; fair Hero is slandered, then allows her lover Claudio to think she has died. But the subplot, in which Hero's cousin Beatrice and Claudio's friend Benedick talk themselves out of and then into love, served up a sexual set-to whose rapier eloquence has inspired just about every British playwright of manners from Congreve to Coward and beyond. While Hero and Claudio played out their fustian collision of chivalry and jealousy at center court, Beatrice and Benedick stood on the sidelines, exchanged wispish badinage and transformed supporting roles into star turns. This time around, Sinead Cusack (who need no longer be known only as Mrs. Jeremy Irons) makes Beatrice every inch the lady of independent mind. Derek Jacobi's Benedick begins abubble with adolescent spirits,



Cusack and Jacobi: rapier eloquence

sighing and winnying like a high school boy who won't admit that he is in love with the college queen. As flirtation ripens into passion, Jacobi's performance becomes calmer and more mature. This Benedick finally recognizes that first love is the most delicate and delicious rite of passage.

Much Ado succeeds not just because of its stars but because of the graceful way they blend into the grand design of an enchanting production. This is the fourth *Much Ado* to have been staged by the R.S.C. in 15 years; one would think that by now Director Terry Hands could do it in

his dreams. And so he has. Borrowing moods and motifs from distinguished R.S.C. predecessors—the rigorous gaiety of a Peter Brook circus, the majesty of a Trevor Nunn midnight Mass—Hands has turned Shakespeare's most popular comedy into a dream play with music and dance. Each line of dialogue (not just "Speak low, if you speak love") sounds like a song cue from the loveliest libretto ever written. Each move seems choreographed to the playwright's verbal arias; the actors glide across Designer Ralph Koltai's gleaming Margard floor as if they were skating on a frozen ebony pond. Through the translucent bower at stage rear we can see the sky swirling madly with birds, fireflies and what looks like a red UFO as the carping lovers lead their fellows in a dashing waltz. The "dead" Hero stands behind a huge golden mandala; in front, monks move to the sweet melancholy of a torchlight dirge.

Hands has said that a director must be "prepared to trust Shakespeare." Here that means highlighting each word and gesture so that it plays for a modern audience. In *Much Ado* Hands digs deep into a bag that must be marked TRICKS THAT WORK. A courtly messenger declaims his prose in an Elmer Fudd accent; Benedick parades his manhood with the rakish tilt of his sword sheath; Constable Dogberry (Christopher Benjamin) casually flings a purse in the air, and his deputy Verges catches it in his hat. The gags, however earthbound, raise laughs hearty enough to fill Broadway's biggest house. But around the surefire comic bits, Hands continues to deploy the human opposites only art can reconcile. By the end of the evening a friar can dance with a wench, and the dead come back to life, and lovers banter until they fall into each other's arms at dawn.

—By Richard Corliss

Milestones

HOSPITALIZED. Jon-Erik Hexum, 26, hunky TV actor, after he accidentally shot himself in the temple with a blank from a prop pistol during filming of his new series *Cover Up*; in Los Angeles.

DIED. Linwood Briley, 30, convicted murderer condemned for killing a disc jockey in Richmond, and implicated in ten other vicious Richmond-area gang killings in 1979; by electrocution; in Richmond. Last May Briley masterminded the largest death-row breakout in history when, with his brother James, 28, and four other convicted murderers, he dressed as a guard and drove an official van out of the maximum-security prison in Mecklenburg, Va., and was not captured until 19 days later in Philadelphia.

DIED. Frederick Brisson, 71, theatrical and film producer who oversaw some 20 Broadway shows, including the Tony

Award-winning *The Pajama Game* (1954) and *Damn Yankees* (1955), then turned many of them into successful movies, and who was also responsible for the first appearances on Broadway of Playwrights Peter Shaffer (*Five Finger Exercise*, 1959) and Harold Pinter (*The Caretaker*, 1961); of a stroke; in New York City. Brisson was married for 35 years to Actress Rosalind Russell, until her death in 1976.

DIED. Lew Christensen, 75, pioneer American ballet dancer, choreographer and teacher who had been director or co-director of the San Francisco Ballet since 1952; of a heart attack; in Burlingame, Calif. He started his career in the 1930s as America's first major male star, dancing for George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein in a precursor of today's New York City Ballet. Creator of such popular, diverse works as *Filling Station* and *Con Amore*. Christensen, with his dancing brothers

Harold and William, helped to build the quality of ballet in the western U.S.

DIED. Victor Jules ("Trader Vic") Bergeron, 81, irascible, ingenious restaurateur who, starting in 1934, parlayed a tiny beer parlor in Oakland, Calif., into a San Francisco-based food and drink corporation grossing \$50 million a year and featuring an international chain of 21 restaurants proffering an eclectic South Seas décor, rum drinks garnished with flowers and fruit and an "exotic" cuisine carefully tailored to American middle-brow taste: of a stroke; in Hillsborough, Calif. "You can't eat real Polynesian food," he once protested, calling it "horrible junk." Having lost a leg at age six to tuberculosis (and not, as legend would have it, to a South Pacific shark), he considered himself "not handicapped, merely inconvenienced," and worked tirelessly for 40 years to spread that message to U.S. amputee veterans.



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Video

A Highly Creditable Curriculum

Engrossing new public TV shows double as college courses

Going to school via television used to be typically a matter of waking up with the chickens for a session of *Sunrise Semester*. But the TV classroom has left the chickens—and the sunrise—far behind. This fall, housebound students can examine issues in constitutional law under the guidance of such authorities as retired Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart and former President Gerald Ford. They can also study the workings of the human brain, thanks to a lavish \$6 million series that for dramatic impact rivals anything on *St. Elsewhere*. Best of all, they can do it in prime time.

The credit for this TV-for-credit boomlet goes largely to the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1981 the Annenberg School established a fund of \$150 million, to be parceled out by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting over a period of 15 years, for innovative programming that would bring college-level courses to the home viewer. The initial five series in the Annenberg/CPB Project are making their debuts this fall. The two most ambitious are *The Constitution: That Delicate Balance*, which returned last month for 13 episodes, following four pilot segments aired last year; and *The Brain*, which premiered last Wednesday (teach can be seen on more than 260 PBS stations). The others: *Congress: We the People*, a 26-part examination of the nation's legislative process; *The New Literacy: An Introduction to Computers*; and *The Write Course*, which teaches basic writing skills. Another new



Cutaway model in *The Brain*



DeMille: trauma and recovery



Victim of winter depression

lum that is more varied, stimulating and accessible than anything yet seen on American TV.

More than 400 institutions in 40 states, ranging from small community colleges to large state universities, are offering at least one of the Annenberg-funded courses this fall. In order to get credit, students must read a textbook and study guide, prepared under Annenberg auspices, and pass a final examination. But in most cases they need never set foot on campus.

Obviously, video learning lacks the advantages of live classroom give-and-take. But the professors are topflight, the courses of study use the latest research, and the schedules are rigorous. "You have to be a highly self-disciplined person to take a telecourse," asserts John Flanagan, associate dean for nontraditional studies at Eastern Kentucky University, which is offering two of the Annenberg courses for credit this fall. "They go on whether you can study or not, whether you're sick or out of town. They're relentless."

Even for non-students, *The Brain* is one of the season's most engrossing new series. The eight hour-long shows focus mainly on human case studies illustrating the brain's functions and dysfunctions. In one episode, Choreographer Agnes DeMille is shown learning to use her body again after a near fatal brain hemorrhage. Another, called "Rhythms and Drives," introduces a Virginia woman who plunges into a crippling depression every winter. For months, she tearfully relates, her time is spent "sleeping, eating, crying." Her disorder is apparently an exaggerated version of the brain's natural response to seasonal variations in sunlight. The treatment: placing her for two hours each day in front of a bank of fluorescent lights, which fool her brain's biological clock

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Video

into thinking it is summer. The stories are sometimes uncomfortably graphic (a ten-year-old boy who suffers up to 60 epileptic seizures a day), but nearly always fascinating. *The Brain* is a distinguished addition to television's science library.

If *The Constitution* is a bit less satisfying, it is probably because pinpointing the limits of a First Amendment right is more difficult than pinpointing a chemical imbalance in the hypothalamus. Each episode of the series, created by former CBS News President Fred W. Friendly, brings on a panel of experts who enact roles in hypothetical cases dramatizing Executive privilege, freedom of the press, school prayer, the right to life and other constitutional issues. President Ford and advisers like retired General Brent Scowcroft argue that classified information on covert CIA activity in the mythical country of Sierra Madre must be kept se-



Scowcroft and Ford in *The Constitution*

cret from Congress and the public. Democratic Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut and New York *Times* Columnist Tom Wicker disagree. The debate is familiar, but it gains discipline and clarity from the astute questioning of Moderator Benno Schmidt, dean of the Columbia Law School. Unfortunately, the hour shows are frequently over before the surface has been more than scratched: too many celebrity experts to hear from. Still, *The Constitution* is grappling with some big issues in a lively and informative way.

A stream of educational shows will emerge from the Annenberg/CBP Project in the years to come. Others currently in the works include a nine-part series on the history of African peoples; an introductory physics course called *The Mechanical Universe*; and a survey of American art, created by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. For advocates of TV learning their arrival is long overdue. Says Friendly: "This generation spends so much time watching television that not to use it as a teaching tool is like not using a book." —By Richard Zoglin. Reported by Peter Ainslie/New York



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Behavior

Lessons in Bringing Up Baby

Biology, says one expert, strongly rules each child

Jerome Kagan's conversion came during a 1971 trip to Guatemala. Until then, Kagan, now 55 and a developmental psychologist at Harvard, had assumed that "the differences you see in five-year-olds, ten-year-olds and adults were all determined primarily by environmental experience, in the family, the peer group, the school." In Guatemala he made a startling discovery: children who received no intellectual stimulus at all during early childhood, who were often kept isolated in dark huts for years, blossomed into

learned, or built into a child by parents. "Our culture," he says, "is doing something very dangerous by saying that morality is learned, that if a 15-year-old kid mugs an old lady, he probably never learned a conscience. I think that all children, provided they have an intact nervous system, know before they are three that hurting another is wrong. We can expect a conscience of every child. We don't have to build it in. All we have to do is arrange the environment so they don't lose it."



At Harvard, Psychologist Jerome Kagan administers memory test to willing subjects

"Our culture is doing something very dangerous by saying that morality is learned."

happy, lively and intelligent youngsters. Even children who had suffered illness and neglect as toddlers turned into vital and alert ten-year-olds.

The Guatemala trip ended what Kagan now calls "the Don Quixote phase" of his career, which was dedicated to showing that children are shaped primarily by their environment. Kagan subsequently developed his "minimal continuity" theory. It is the subject of his provocative new book, *The Nature of the Child* (Basic Books; \$22.50). Environment is important, according to Kagan, but biology, particularly brain development, strongly guides the child in the first few years of life and accounts for much of the child's moral and emotional life.

Children begin to know right from wrong at about the time that important emotions develop, says Kagan, or around the end of the second year. A child who has been hitting playmates generally stops doing so at that age, when empathy for others is first felt.

Unlike most observers of children, Kagan does not think that conscience is

Similarly, Kagan believes that the turmoil of puberty is a by-product of brain development. "When you become adolescent," he says, "you become cognitively able for the first time to evaluate the consistency of the beliefs you hold. You automatically detect inconsistency, and that creates uncertainty." A child who considers his father wonderful and wise may suddenly realize that the father screams a lot or drinks too much. "Now the child has a problem: Is the father good or bad? That creates a tension until it's worked out. I think the tension of adolescence is due in large measure to this cognitive conflict, not because the hormones are running in the bloodstream."

Kagan has focused on inborn temperamental differences in children and finds that although some are influenced by the environment, some are more stable than others. About 10% of children, he says, are born with a tendency to be "shy, timid, frightened, vigilant, fearful." On the other end of the scale, another 10% "tend to become sociable, extraverted, bubbly, spontaneous, the kind of children every

parent wants." In a group of Boston-area children Kagan has been studying from the second to the sixth year of life, not one child in the fearless group has become fearful, while about a third of the fearful children are becoming more extraverted, largely because of parental pressures.

Among Kagan's fearful children, a sudden shout or a mild challenge in classroom work produces unusual changes in heart rate, dilation of the eyes and tension in the vocal cords. Parents of the fearful children report that as infants, their youngsters suffered colic, sleeplessness and allergies, while the fearless children "just had nothing wrong with them." This evidence strongly suggests a genetic base to temperament.

The current trend among many child psychologists to emphasize bonding and early attachment in children is way out of line, Kagan believes. An infant girl with a close attachment to a mother who promotes passivity, fear of boys and a noncompetitive attitude toward schoolwork, for example, is likely to be ridden with conflict and anxiety during adolescence. "Thus," Kagan says, "it is not obvious that a secure attachment at one year will be beneficial for an indefinite period of time."

Kagan's central idea is that human development is marked by discontinuity: "A lot of habits and characteristics are lost, repeat lost, in early childhood." From his findings he concludes that preschool for toddlers is unnecessary. Most children, as long as they have contact with other people and objects to explore, will flourish with or without early schooling. Kagan's 1978 book, *Infancy*, found no significant difference between children reared at home and those farmed out to a good day care center. Says he: "Our notions about how parents affect children are too simple." In his view, parenting is important but not the all-powerful influence that many child experts believe.

Not everyone in the field shares Kagan's sunny views of child development. "It's a bit Pollyannaish, based more on his easygoing view of the world than on any solid research," says New York City Child Psychologist Louise Kaplan, author of *Adolescence and Oneness & Separateness*: a book on infancy. "Not everything that happens to a child determines its future. He's right about that and it needs to be said. But he underestimates the importance of attachments, and he minimizes the effects of what happens to some children." Nevertheless, Kagan's work has stirred the world of child psychology and pushed many specialists to rethink their opinions. His message may reassure some parents and dismay others: since much of a child's development takes place independently of parents, the hand that rocks the cradle does not rule the world. —By John Leo.

Reported by Ruth Mehrrens Galvin/Boston

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Roosevelt and Churchill at the "unconditional surrender" conference in Casablanca, 1943

Eavesdropping on History

CHURCHILL & ROOSEVELT: THE COMPLETE CORRESPONDENCE

"It is fun to be in the same decade with you," Franklin Roosevelt cabled his friend Winston Churchill. Fun hardly seemed the right word at the time: the two leaders were sharing some of the darkest moments in history. It was January of 1942. The Japanese, after their attack on Pearl Harbor, were invading the Philippines and advancing southward through British Malaya; the Germans ruled most of Europe. But Jan. 30 was also Roosevelt's 60th birthday, and Churchill remembered to wish him many happy returns. "and may your next birthday see us a long lap forward on our road." That was what prompted Roosevelt's expression of delight to be sharing such a road with such a man.

When Churchill came to write his six-volume history of that epoch, *The Second World War* (1948-1953), he portrayed this intensely personal alliance as an unmatched and unmarred friendship, for he wanted very much to see the two nations continue their political partnership. Now, with the publication of the monumental *Churchill & Roosevelt: The Complete Correspondence*, expertly edited by Rutgers History Professor Warren F. Kimball, the relationship between the two leaders emerges as more tempestuous, and correspondingly more interesting, than was generally believed. There are no shatter-

Excerpt

“ Roosevelt to Churchill, March 3, 1944: 'I am having the oil question studied by the Department of State and my oil experts, but please do accept my assurances that we are not making sheep's eyes at your oilfields in Iraq or Iran ...'

Churchill to Roosevelt, March 4, 1944: 'Thank you very much for your assurances about no sheep's eyes at our oilfields in Iran and Iraq. Let me reciprocate by giving you the fullest assurance that we have no thought of trying to horn in upon your interests or property in Saudi Arabia. My position on this, as in all matters, is that Great Britain seeks no advantage, territorial or otherwise, as the result of the war. On the other hand she will not be deprived of anything which rightly belongs to her after having given her best services to the good cause—at least not so long as your humble servant is entrusted with the conduct of her affairs.' ”

ing revelations, to be sure: the two Allies' archives were declassified in 1972, and many historians have tilled these fields. But to read the voluminous wartime messages between Roosevelt and Churchill is to eavesdrop on history.

It is Roosevelt who initiates the exchange, less than two weeks after the guns of September 1939, by reminding Churchill that they were both naval ministers during World War I. "Keep me in touch personally with anything you want me to know about," Roosevelt urges. Churchill does, first with a telephone call about a German threat to sink a U.S. merchant ship, and subsequently with an outpouring of 1,161 letters, telegrams, congratulations and miscellaneous messages (Roosevelt's answers: a slightly more laconic 788).

Their correspondence is elaborately courtly, full of solicitude. Churchill gallantly pretends to be deferential on matters of strategy: "We wholeheartedly agree with your conception ... We cordially accept your plan ..." Roosevelt urges relaxation: "Once a month I go to Hyde Park for four days, crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after me ... I wish you would try it ... Lay a few bricks or paint another picture."

Both Roosevelt and Churchill have to deal with millions of troops deployed around the world, but both subscribe implicitly to Mies van der Rohe's dictum that God is in the details. Churchill loves to think up code names and refers to himself as Former Naval Person. But when he prepares to meet Roosevelt at the Casablanca conference in 1943, he cables a temporary change: "I am 'Air Commodore 'Frankland.'" Suggest you also choose an alias and one for Harry [White House Aide Harry Hopkins].

"The aliases from this end," Roosevelt replies with his sardonic humor, "will be (a) Don Quixote and (b) Sancho Panza." Churchill feels slightly piqued: "However did you think of such an impenetrable disguise? In order to make it even harder for the enemy and to discourage irreverent guesswork propose Admiral Q. and Mr. P. ... We must mind our P's and Q's."

From such exchanges, two very different characters emerge. Churchill, already 64 when the war began, seems considerably more emotional, more stubborn, more immersed in his nation's struggle ("The worth of every destroyer that you can spare to us is measured in rubies"). And sometimes, as when the British stand virtually alone after the fall of France, he can sound frankly desperate ("Mr. President, I cannot cut the food consumption here below its present level"). Roosevelt, seven years younger, is more ebullient, conscious of his greater economic and military power, yet surprisingly wary about domestic opponents in Congress

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Books

markably aloof, fending off Churchill with a ghostwritten evasion or with a quick joke. One of the great virtues of Kimball's editing is that he includes many undiplomatic first drafts that were toned down by advisers before being sent.

What binds these strongly independent men is a warm personal admiration—and, of course, a powerful common interest in resisting Hitler. The letters graphically show how that interest leads them into their thorny alliance with Joseph Stalin. In what must be one of the harshest summit conferences ever endured, Churchill goes to Moscow in 1942 to inform Stalin that the Western Allies cannot possibly open a second front in France that year. "We argued for about two hours," Churchill reports to Roosevelt, "during which he said many disagreeable things, especially about our being too much afraid of fighting the Germans, and if we tried it like the Russians we should find it not so bad... I repulsed all his contentions squarely... In his heart, so far as he has one, Stalin knows we are right."

Roosevelt wants to reinforce the shaky new alliance by holding his own meeting with Stalin—or U.J. for Uncle Joe, as he and Churchill now call the dictator—because, as Roosevelt very bluntly puts it, "Stalin hates the guts of all your top people. He thinks he likes me better." Roosevelt artfully tries to avoid a preliminary meeting with the truculent Churchill: "I do not want to give Stalin the impression that we are settling everything between ourselves before we meet him." But that is exactly what Churchill insists on: "It is grand of you to come and I will meet you anywhere."

Thus occurs the Casablanca conference, the fourth of their eleven wartime meetings. Here Churchill gets his way, persuading Roosevelt to pursue a "Mediterranean strategy" of invading Italy rather than France, to Stalin's fury. But Churchill also begins to see how U.S. power is overtaking that of Britain. At one point he hopes that "our numbers justify increased representation for us in the high command." At another, he describes himself to Roosevelt, a little ruefully, as "your lieutenant."

As the Allies begin to recapture territory, local politics keeps dividing them. Churchill supports Charles de Gaulle as the leader of Free France; Roosevelt dislikes and distrusts the general. "The day he arrived [in Casablanca]," F.D.R. comments bitterly, "he thought he was Joan of Arc." And when De Gaulle keeps pressing his claim to govern North Africa, Roosevelt explodes, "Why doesn't De Gaulle go to war? Why doesn't he start marching? It would take him a long time to get to the Oasis of Somewhere."

Sometimes the exchanges between Allied governments become rancorous. Churchill believes that Britain's military intervention in favor of the Greek monarchy in 1944 is the only way to stop a take-



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"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

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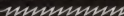
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Books

Canal Caper

GETTING TO KNOW THE GENERAL
by Graham Greene
Simon & Schuster; 249 pages; \$14.95

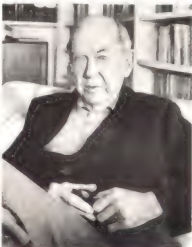
over by Communist guerrillas. Washington is skeptical. "We have been set upon, and we intend to defend ourselves," Churchill writes angrily to Hopkins. "I consider we have a right to the President's support . . . It grieves me very much to see signs of our drifting apart at the time when unity becomes even more important, as danger recedes and faction arises." Roosevelt suavely answers that he is "a loyal friend and ally," then cites "the mounting adverse reaction of public opinion," and urges that Churchill let "the people . . . express themselves."

On no issue do the two leaders disagree more strenuously than on the future of Europe's colonial empires, particularly the independence of India. With the Japanese threatening the subcontinent's borders, Churchill refuses to make any commitment on India. Roosevelt warns him that Americans believe "almost universally" that Britain is to blame for "unwillfulness . . . to concede to the Indians the right of self-government." Churchill passionately answers that "anything like a serious difference between you and me would break my heart," but he declares just as passionately that Britain will do what it must "to defend this vast mass of helpless Indians."

As the British empire fades, the chief empire builder becomes Uncle Joe, and the focal point of controversy becomes Poland. Churchill has backed one Polish exile "government" and Stalin another. Now, with the Red Army sweeping across Eastern Europe, Stalin demands and then seizes total power for his puppets. Churchill's protests go for nothing. Roosevelt, weary unto death ever since the Yalta conference early in 1945, remains all too characteristically hopeful. "I would minimize the general Soviet problem as much as possible," he says in one of his last messages to Churchill, on April 11, 1945, "because these problems, in one form or another, seem to arise every day and most of them straighten out."

The next day, Roosevelt complained of "a terrific headache," pressed his hand to his forehead and then fell unconscious in his chair. Churchill cabled the President's widow his grief at the loss of "a dear and cherished friendship which was forged in the fire of war." Perhaps he also remembered not just the great battles won but the small exchanges: the time Roosevelt sent him a postage stamp post-marked on the cruiser *Augusta* the day Churchill had climbed aboard; the time Roosevelt jokingly sent him a newspaper clipping suggesting that Churchill's wife was descended from Mormons. Or maybe he remembered their first major argument, shortly before the North African invasion. When they had worked out a compromise, as they generally did in those early days, Roosevelt had greeted it with only the briefest of messages: "Hurrah!" —By Otto Friedrich

In the winter of 1976, a telegram arrived for Graham Greene in Antibes. Would he come to Panama as the guest of its leader, Brigadier General Omar Torrijos Herrera? "I thought of it as only a rather comic adventure," recalls Greene, "inspired by an invitation from a complete stranger." But the comedy was to pass through surrealism to tragedy, and the stranger was to become an intimate.



Graham Greene: old Caribbean hand
Affection for the heartbreaking detail.

Torrijos, who had wrested power from the ruling Arias family in 1968, was a showman, a strongman and a dreamer, an irresistible combination for Greene. The general was also a friend of Tito's, an admirer of Gabriel Garcia Márquez's novels and a lover of numerous mistresses. "How could one fail," writes Greene with pointed sincerity, "to like this man?" The general had remained in power because of what Greene acknowledges was "a streak of cynical wisdom." Torrijos liked to announce, "I don't want to enter into history. I want to enter into the Canal Zone." If diplomacy failed to establish Panamanian sovereignty over the U.S.-built canal, there was always sabotage: blow a hole in the Gatun Dam, and it would take three years for rain to refill it. Meanwhile, he would mount a guerrilla war in the mountains.

He never got the confrontation he patiently desired. In 1977 Torrijos and President Carter signed a new agreement, abolishing the zone—but preserving certain American controls—at a Washington ceremony. Near the front row was Greene, long unpopular in Washington for his pro-Castro sympathies; the general had pro-

vided a Panamanian diplomatic passport.

Torrijos subsequently sent the author on low-profile "missions" to Belize, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, relying on the old Caribbean hand (*Our Man in Havana, The Comedians*) to give the general a borrowed stature. The author was aware of the maneuver; he once confided to Castro, "I am not a messenger. I am the message."

Nevertheless, Greene complied with the dictator's wishes. During the Torrijos years, he worked on a novel, *Monsignor Quixote*, about the adventures of a simple village priest abroad in the world. In Panama, he was a real-life counterpart. By his own evidence, he served as the go-between in a kidnaping, learned about the hoax of the "Virgin that perspires," failed to write a book about Panama, finally located a well-made rum punch, and saw a "horseman (fridel) by carrying a cock on his hand in the way a waiter carries a tray."

For the author, "this bizarre and beautiful little country" was a mixture of fantasy and mistrust. One popular song, he notes, was titled *Your Love Is a Yesterday's Newspaper*; local drivers were cautious about letting their wheels go across the border between the Panama and U.S. zones because "... if you were involved in a traffic offense on the wrong side of the street, you would be judged in an American court." In contrast to the new towers of Panama City lay a sprawling sium called Hollywood; even remote villages had Walt Disney figures as roadside totems. Greene once grumbled to Torrijos, "Next time the students want to demonstrate . . . can't you tell them to burn all those Donald Ducks?"

The author's companion on these forays was the bubbly half-Mayan José de Jesús Martínez. "Chuchu" to his friends, Chuchu might have stepped from one of Garcia Márquez's loonier chapters. He was a mathematics professor, an arms dealer, a linguist and a sergeant in Torrijos' security guard. He had fathered "about twelve" children, and one book: *The Theory of Insanity*, so called because his front tooth had been missing when he lectured about mathematical infinity. Although Chuchu could not abide dogs, he kept one because, he explained, "it's the only way to keep my hate within me."

In 1981 the quixotic romp ended, literally, in a crash. Greene learned that Torrijos had died in a plane accident in the mountains of Panama. To this day the author is skeptical: the general's death would have benefited, among others, Panamanian officers who later seized power. But *Getting to Know the General* only rarely descends to bitterness and suspicion. For Greene, the general had "the charis-



The general

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Books

ma of near despair," and that quality was enough to make him not only a friend but a Graham Greene character.

How much of this strange biography-travel book escapist yarn memoir is documentary? How much is truth refracted through the eyes of a novelist with an affection for the human cartoon and the heartbreaking detail? One can only conjecture. But it is certain that in his 45th book, Greene remains a master of contradictions: the Roman Catholic with sympathy for the unbeliever, the isolate who rushes to adventure, the aging writer who still manages to offer a volume as odd, vigorous and entertaining as anything he has recently produced.

Earlier this year, Greene, now 80, was asked why his books are getting shorter and shorter. He replied: "Because I get older and older." On the evidence, he is also getting curiously and curiously.

—By J.D. Reed

Editors' Choice

FICTION: *Difficult Loves*, Italo Calvino
Foreign Affairs, Alison Lurie
The Ink Truck, William Kennedy
Mr. Noon, D.H. Lawrence • Say Goodbye to Sam, Michael J. Arlen
Young Hearts Crying, Richard Yates

NONFICTION: *Bloods*, Wallace Terry
The Chronicle of the Lord Ghetto, 1941-1944, Lucjan Dobroszycki
Editor • Finding the Center, V.S. Naipaul • "The Good War," Studs Terkel • The Weaker Vessel, Antonia Fraser • Writers at Work, George Plimpton, Editor

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Fourth Protocol, Forsyth (1 last week)
2. God Knows, Heller (6)
3. Strong Medicine, Hailey (2)
4. Love and War, Jakes
5. Role of Honor, Gardner (3)
6. Job: A Comedy of Justice, Heinlein (4)
7. "... And Ladies of the Club," Santmyer (5)
8. Lincoln, Vidal (8)
9. First Among Equals, Archer (7)
10. Tough Guys Don't Dance, Mailer (9)

NONFICTION

1. Loving Each Other, Buscaglia (1)
2. Mary Kay on People Management, Ash (9)
3. What They Don't Teach You at Harvard Business School, McCormack (3)
4. The One Minute Sales Person, Johnson and Wilson (6)
5. Eat to Win, Haas (4)
6. Pieces of My Mind, Rooney (5)
7. The Bridge Across Forever, Bach (2)
8. Zig Ziglar's Secrets of Closing the Sale, Ziglar (7)
9. Hey, Wait a Minute, I Wrote a Book!, Madden (10)
10. Nothing Down, Allen (8)

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Prague's Indomitable Spirit

A remarkable, obscure Czech poet wins the Nobel Prize

How did last week's announcement of the Nobel Prize strike some of the celebrated writers who might like to win it themselves? Nobody knows, of course, but perhaps there was an outcry of bewildered protests like this:

"Who?" shouts Norman Mailer (and probably Graham Greene as well).

"Chi?" wonders Alberto Moravia (and perhaps Italo Calvino).

"Wer?" grumbles Günter Grass (and possibly Peter Handke).

"Quien?" inquires Jorge Luis Borges (and maybe Carlos Fuentes).

Some such chorus of international wonderment would have been quite understandable, for once again the Swedish Academy had awarded the world's most prestigious literary prize (now worth \$190,000) to a man virtually unknown outside his own country. He is Czech Poet Jaroslav Seifert, 83. Only two of Seifert's 30 volumes of poetry are currently in print in the U.S., one published by a Czechoslovak society in New York City, the other by *The Spirit That Moves Us Press* of Iowa City, Iowa.

Seifert heard the news of the award in Prague's Vinohrady Hospital, where he had been admitted the previous week for treatment of a heart ailment and diabetes. Swedish Ambassador Olof Skoglund came to his bedside and presented him with the academy's statement honoring him "for his poetry, which, endowed with freshness, sensuality and rich inventiveness, provides a liberating image of the indomitable spirit and versatility of man." To the press afterward, Skoglund added, "He was overwhelmed. But I could see he was very tired."

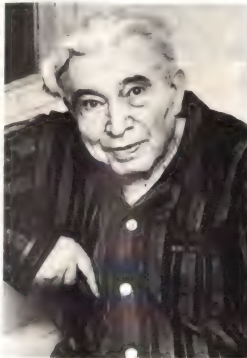
Death will soon kick open the door and enter.

With startled terror at that minute I'll catch my breath and forget to breathe again.

The Swedish Academy never discusses its mysterious decisions—and some of its recent choices have been almost equally obscure—so critics immediately speculated on the political implications in the choice of Seifert. Was the academy pointedly honoring a man for having spoken out against Communist censorship and harassment of intellectuals in Eastern Europe? Or was it avoiding the selection of more celebrated and more militant Czech dissidents notably the exiled Milan Kundera (*The Unbearable Lightness of Being*) and Playwright Vaclav Havel (*A Private View*)?

Perhaps ambiguity was quite appropriate here, for Seifert is a man who has opposed both Nazism and Communism in

the past, and yet is now tolerated by the Communist regime. Says Emigré Czech Novelist Josef Skvorecky (*The Engineer of Human Souls*): "He is a poet of the people. The government hates him, but he is so revered, so old and ill, he is too famous to be touched." And if the poet laureate of



Laureate Seifert in a Prague hospital last week

Absolute but moderate: "If a writer is silent, he is lying."

Prague is not widely known anywhere else, his defenders argue, that is because his subtle lyrics simply resist translation.

Prague was gazing out of all her windows, smiling happily at herself. . .

The spotlight of Nobel publicity casts a pitiless glare, of course, and if Seifert seems a rather modest and provincial talent to become so celebrated, he has nonetheless survived honorably in a time and region where that capacity was harshly tested. Born to poverty in 1901, he published his first book of poetry, *A City in Tears*, when he was 19. He was an idealistic Communist in those days, but two trips to the Soviet Union in the 1920s were disillusioning. When he challenged the Stalinist leadership of the party, he was expelled in 1929.

His voyages to Paris' Left Bank made an equally deep impression. He was influenced by avant-garde poets like Guillaume

Apollinaire and André Breton, and by the whole Parisian scene. "He must have been a real playboy," says Kundera.

*You seldom find out
What women are really thinking
about.*

*Their little thoughts elude you
just as small birds barely touch the
human voice
when their claws clench the phone
lines.*

Seifert made his poetic reputation in the 1920s and 1930s, but he made his living as a journalist. He worked on newspapers even throughout the German Occupation. He wrote patriotic poems, though, and they were widely read. When the Communists took power in 1948, he continued to produce both journalistic writings and verse subtly critical of the new regime, but often simply lyrics about love or spring or his city of Prague. "You cannot say he is a dissident, but just the same he is someone who never compromised," says Kundera. "The moral position of Seifert has always been absolutely pure. Absolute but moderate."

He was caught up, inevitably, in the crisis of 1968, when Czechoslovakia seemed for a few giddy months to have won a measure of independence. As Soviet tanks finally invaded, the ailing Seifert angrily hobbled to the Czech Writers' Union and got himself elected chairman so that he could take part in whatever resistance was to be offered. He helped organize the major protest declaration known as Charter 77. "If an ordinary person is silent, it may be a tactical maneuver," Seifert declared. "If a writer is silent, he is lying."

Silence can be imposed, however.

For a decade, the Czech authorities published no new work by Seifert.

His poems circulated only in the private versions known as *samizdat*. As he neared 80, the regime relented, and selections of his work began to appear once again. They proved immensely popular. Trying to explain that popularity, George Gibian, professor of comparative and Russian literature at Cornell, described Seifert as "the grand old man of Czech poetry, a combination of Robert Frost and E. E. Cummings."

Was the grand old man's wife happy over this moment of recognition? "I can't think I am," said Marie Seifert, 85. "I would be happier if he were healthy."

*To all those million verses in the
world*

*I've added just a few.
They probably were no wiser than
a cricket's chirrup.
I know. Forgive me.
I'm coming to the end.*

—By Otto Friedrich. Reported by Mary Johnson/
Stockholm, with other burlesques



The Sower, 1888: local deity under the citron disk of the sun



Coal Barges, 1888: a museum of the prototypes of strong sensation

Art

The Visionary, Not the Madman

The Metropolitan displays Van Gogh's rhapsodic energy

If you once thought Vincent the Dutchman had been a trifle oversold, from Kirk Douglas gritting his mandibles in the loony bin at Saint-Rémy to Greek zillionaires screwing his cypresses to the stateroom bulkheads of their yachts, you would be wrong. The process never ends. Its latest form is "Van Gogh in Arles," at New York City's Metropolitan Museum. Viewed as a social phenomenon rather than as a group of paintings and drawings, this show epitomizes the Met's leanings to cultural Reaganism: private opulence, public squalor. Weeks of private viewings have led up to its actual public opening, this week. Rarely has the idea of artistic heroism been so conspicuously tied to the ascent of the social mountain. But now all this will change. The general public, one may predict, will see very little. Its members will struggle for a peek through a milling scum of backs; will be swept at full contemplation speed (about 30 seconds per image) through the galleries; will find their hope to experience Van Gogh's art in its true quality thwarted. Distanced from the work by crowds and railings, they may listen on their Acoustiguides to the plummy vowels of the Met's director, Philippe de Montebello, discoursing like an undertaker on the merits of the deceased. Then they will be decanted into the bazaar of postcards, datebooks, scarves—everything but limited-edition bronze ashtrays in the shape of the Holy

Ear—that the Met provides as a coda. Finally, laden with souvenirs like visitors departing from Lourdes, they will go home. Vincent, we hardly knew ye.

There is little point, 94 years after his death, in trying to imagine what Van Gogh would have made of all this. Neither the modern mass audience for art, nor the elevation of the artist as a secular saint, nor the undercurrent of faith in the expiratory powers of self-sacrificial genius really existed in 1890. The insoluble

paradox of museumgoing, which is that famous art gets blotted out by the size of its public, had not become an issue, and it was not thought "elitist" to express regrets about it. Yet one feels it matters more with Van Gogh than with flabby events like last year's Vatican show. For if there was ever an artist whose *oeuvre* wants to be seen carefully, whose images beg for the solitary and unharried eye to receive their energy, pathos and depth of conviction, that man was Vincent Van Gogh—much of whose best work was done at Arles in the 15 months between February 1888 and May 1889. This rhapsodic outpouring of creative energy produced some 200 paintings, more than 100 drawings and watercolors and 200 letters,

Self-Portrait (1888): an intensity that verges on the radioactive



written in Dutch, French and English. Of this mass of work, 68 drawings, 76 paintings and a few specimen letters are included in the present show, which has been intelligently organized by Art Historian Ronald Pickvance around the proper armature—the strictly chronological unfolding of the painter's year.

Arles in 1888 was a torpid provincial town, as filthy and exotic—at least to a Parisian eye—as North Africa. Van Gogh's first reactions to it describe a foreign country. "The Zouaves, the brothels, the adorable little Arlésiennes going to their first Communion, the priest in his surplice, who looks like a dangerous rhinoceros, the people drinking absinthe, all seem to me creatures from another world." In fact, his stay there began the general pattern of migration southward that would be as obligatory for early modern French artists—Signac to Saint-Tropez, Matisse to Nice, Derain to Collioure—as a stint among the

marbles of Rome had been to their 18th century forebears. Provence presented itself as a museum of the prototypes of strong sensation: blazing light, red earth, blue sea, mauve twilight, the flake of gold buried in the black depths of the cypress; archaic tastes of wine and olive, ancient smells of dust, goat dung and thyme, immemorial sounds of cicada and rustic flute—"O for a beaker full of the warm South!" In such places, color might take on a primary, clarified role. Far from the veils and nuances of Paris fog and Dutch rain, it would resolve itself into tonic declaration—nouns that stood for well-being. Such, at least, was Van Gogh's hope.

Vincent was ill when he arrived in Arles, jittery from booze, racked with smoker's cough. He had expected, curiously enough, that the place would look like one of the Japanese prints by Hokusai or Utamaro that had been circulating among avant-garde painters in Paris. In a way it did: the ground was covered with snow, like the top of Fuji. But soon it (and he) melted, and in his letters no less than in his paintings one sees the colors that sign his Arlesian period, the yellow, ultramarine and mauve. In the late spring, "the landscape gets tones of gold of various tints, green-gold, yellow-gold, pink-gold, and in the same way bronze, copper, in short starting from citron yellow all the way to a dull, dark yellow color like a heap of threshed corn. And this combined with the blue—from the deepest royal blue of the water to the blue of the forget-me-nots, cobalt . . ."

Some artists' letters are unrevealing about their work; others mythologize it. Van Gogh's correspondence was unique: no painter has ever taken his readers through the processes of his art so thoroughly, so modestly, or with such descriptive power.

The forms of the Arlesian landscape, its patchwork of fields and tree-lined roads, were already embedded in his Dutch background—"it reminds me of Holland: everything is flat, only one thinks rather of the Holland of Ruysdael or Hobbema than of Holland as it is"—but the color was like nothing in Van Gogh's previous life. Seeing his desire for "radical" color confirmed in the actual landscape gave him confidence. It affected even those paintings in which no landscape occurs, like the self-portrait of Vincent with a shaved head, gazing not at but past the viewer with an intensity (conferred by the unearthly pale malachite back-



Montmajour, 1888: light shines between the jabs and scratches

ground) that verges on the radioactive.

This, not the madman of legend, was the real and visionary Van Gogh. The notion that his paintings were "mad" is the most idiotic of all impediments to understanding them. It was Van Gogh's madness that prevented him from working; the paintings themselves are ineffably sane, if "sanity" is to be defined in terms of exact judgment of ends and means and the power of visual analysis. All the signs of extreme feeling in Van Gogh were tempered by his longing for concision and grace. Those who imagine that he just sat down in cornfields and let the landscape write itself through him are refuted by the actual sequence of his drawings. Some of his most vivid and impassioned-looking sketches—the coiling, toppling surf, the silent explosion of wheat stalks, the sun grinding in the speckled sky above the road to Tarascon—are in fact copies he made after his own paintings and sent to

Orchard in Blossom, 1888: radical color confirmed in the landscape



his fellow painters Emile Bernard and John Russell to show them what he had been up to. As a draughtsman, Van Gogh was obsessively interested in stylistic coherence. Just as one can see the very movements of his brush imitating the microform of nature—the crawling striations of a gnarled olive trunk, the "Chinese" contortions of weathered limestone—so the drawings break down the pattern of the landscape and re-establish it in terms of a varied, but still codified system of marks: dot, dash, stroke, slash. In his best drawings *sur le motif*, most of which belong to his second visit to Montmajour in

July 1888, one sees how this open marking evokes light, heat, air and distance with an immediacy that "tonal" drawing could not. Space lies in the merest alteration of touch: light shines from the paper between the jabs and scratches.

And so Van Gogh's Arlesian work offers one of the most moving narratives of development in Western art: a painter—and, needless to repeat, a very great one—inventing a landscape as it invents him. The inevitable result is that one cannot visit Arles without seeing Van Gogh's everywhere. The fishing boats on the dark beach of Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer have gone, and the fishermen's troglodytic cottages are now replaced by anthonil apartment buildings. But to see an Arlesian orchard foaming into April bloom is to glimpse Van Gogh rendering them ("Absolutely clear . . . A frenzy of impastos of the faintest yellow and lilac on the original white mass"). Even his symbolism leaves

its traces. One cannot see the purple underlights in ploughed furrows against the sunset without thinking of the strange, dull mauve luminescence that pervades the earth in *The Sower*, helping suggest that this dark creature fecundating the soil under the citron disk of the declining sun is some kind of local deity, an agrestic harvest god. One apple tree will evoke the Japanese roots of Van Gogh's spike line; another will suggest how Piet Mondrian's apple trees (and with them, his early sense of grids and twinkling interstices) relate to Van Gogh; a third, resembling the veined canopy of a Tiffany lamp, may recall what the decorative arts of 1900 owed to the cloisonism (decorative "inlaying" of the picture surface with outlines) of Van Gogh and Gauguin. The Paris of the cubists may have gone; but like the Umbria of Piero della Francesca, Van Gogh's Provence manages to endure, both in and out of the frame.

—By Robert Hughes

It's That Old Short Story Again

Italian designers hope that minis will bloom in the spring

The models breezing down Giorgio Armani's glass-topped runway were having too much fun to put on the mannequin's usual mask of boredom. It was a celestial fashion parade: zephyr-light chiffon shorts worn with a billowing shirt and slightly askew man's tie; immaculately tailored jackets with saucy miniskirts; poolside playsuits that looked as if they might evaporate at any moment. The international crowd of buyers and press applauded throughout the show, the highlight of last week's spring collections in Milan, and at the end stood to cheer the creator of all these youthful fantasies.

As usual, Armani had said it best, but he was not delivering any new message by stopping skirts at mid-thigh. Legs were

from Perry Ellis to Stephen Sprouse is making short lengths, and in Paris this week, Montana will be doing in his own collection more of what he showed at Complice. Says he: "Especially with the Japanese, we've been seeing clothes that camouflaged the body. Now it's time to show off legs and shoulders again."

By a couple of indicators, Montana should be right. The fashion industry was well pleased that Milan had played up bright colors and soft contours. It has been borrowing heavily from menswear tailoring and proportions, so that by last season the code word androgyny was used even by people who had a sneaking feeling that it meant something lewd. The Japanese influence, with its cool rejection of human anatomy, was at its height in 1983 as well. Clothing got heavy and neutral and business slowed.

So it is time for a change. But does that mean fashion is harking back to the '60s? Probably not. For one thing, it is no longer possible for anyone to dictate to women the way designers and the glamour press did 20 years ago. Consciousness has soared higher than any hem. Norma Kamali speaks for her customers when she says, "As a woman I don't want anybody telling me how I have to look, and I don't want to tell anyone." This is what you have to do." Most of her colleagues no longer want to play king. Says Armani: "If the press is going to shout so much about my 18-in. skirts, I shall renounce paternity."

Master and model preen on the runway



Armani updates his classic look

the hit of Milan. Designers sent insufficiently willowy models right back to the agency and ordered up more and longer legs. Almost every show had minis: Karl Lagerfeld, designing the Fendi collection, made them up in a witchy little *F* print of his own devising that managed to lend the house's ubiquitous initial some charm. Sexy Gianni Versace went straight to the point and crafted brief siren suits. At Complice, Claude Montana did seemingly endless variations on the mini theme in bold red leather. Nor is Milan alone in hiking skirts. Preview releases from Seventh Avenue make clear that everyone

In one sense he already has: all his skirts will be shipped to stores at knee length, leaving the exact specifications up to the purchaser. Gianfranco Ferré, who showed minis, thought the whole fuss was show biz. Said he: "I keep the same proportions on the runway as on the racks."

The clothes introduced last week are softer and freer than the stiff, squarish constructs of the '60s. The movie *Flashdance* popularized dancy, swingy short skirts. The swans who glide through the late-night *brasseries* of the Left Bank and Soho are never without their little black leather tube skirts. American Designer Betsy Johnson, who began her career 20 years ago, now says, "Ever since jogging shorts, when the health boom hit the streets, short lengths have been acceptable."

Most buyers and commentators see a good market for minis, especially among the young. But they have been wrong before, as recently as 1982, when a predicted mini boom failed to materialize. To Au-



At Complice, a bold approach in leather

thor Alison Lurie (*The Language of Clothes*), it will all depend on the 1985 economy: "In good times people feel gay and childlike and women want to dress like little girls." The mini is not the most elegant statement designers can make, and they know it. Kamali points straight to the anatomy: "It's knees we're talking about. Every woman will make her decision partly according to how her knees look." Or, as a cynical veteran of Milan summed up, "Short skirts are for looking at legs, not style." —By Martha Duffy, Reported by Leonora Dodsworth/Milan and Elizabeth Rudolph/New York

You must be reading my mind.

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